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abundance of run-on lines
a frequent use of rhyme

A Sober tragedy of Roman Hist.

Will Temp = Bottom

MND
blend of graceful fancy
sturdy realism. Lyly
showed way in Galathea &
Lowe's Metamorphosis

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GENERAL PREFACE.

In this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Aesthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest, which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition: the only omissions made are those that are unavoidable in an edition likely to be used by young students.

By the systematic arrangement of the introductory matter, and by close attention to typographical details, every effort has been made to provide an edition that will prove convenient in use.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest known edition of *Julius Cæsar* is that of the *First Folio*, 1623, in which the plays were for the first time collected. We have no knowledge of the text on which it was based; but the passages which show distinct signs of corruption are few: the readings are rarely open to serious question.

The means of settling the date when the play was written are to be found (1) in references to it, or in parallel passages, in contemporary writers; (2) in phrases here and there in the play which point to some particular period; (3) and in characteristics of scansion, construction, or thought, marking the particular phase of the author's development.

(1) A passage is quoted from Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, 1603, a revised edition of his *Mortimeriados*—

> "In whome, in peace, the elements all lay
> So mixt," &c.

which bears an obvious resemblance to Shakespeare's

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him," &c.

If one of the two authors was borrowing from the other, the borrower was more probably Drayton; but it is quite as probable that the case is merely one of coincidence, and really proves nothing.

But in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601, are the lines—

> "The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

Weever's lines appear distinctly to refer to some well-known account of these orations; but they are not based on Plutarch, and the inference is that they are based on Shakespeare, unless both he and Shakespeare were familiar with some other narrative of which we know nothing. The presumption therefore is that the play is not later in date than 1601.

(2) At i. 2. 160 are the words, "the eternal devil". Some commentators are of opinion that 'eternal' was substituted for 'infernal' out of deference to the growing strength of the public sentiment against the freedom of language on the stage, which culminated in the act of James I. 'Eternal' seems to have been so substituted for 'infernal' in two other instances both subsequent to 1600, but not before. It is extremely doubtful whether Shakespeare may not have used 'eternal' as the better word; still the alternative possibility points to the play dating about 1600.

(3) The arguments from scansion are discussed in the appendix on prosody, *q.v.*, and entirely bear out the view that the play belongs to the middle period of Shakespeare's workmanship; is earlier than *Hamlet*, and about the same period as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*; *i.e.* between 1598 and 1602.

The character of the play itself leads to the same conclusion. Shakespeare seems to have finished all the English historical subjects he cared about with *Henry V.* in 1599, and it seems improbable that until that was done he would have gone farther afield. (*Henry VIII.* was written to order later.) Moreover the play constitutes in certain respects a new departure. The earlier tragedies were primarily tragedies of action; this is primarily a tragedy of character. It is more meditative and more complex; the thoughtful note which is characteristic of the comedies named above is prominent, but the philosophic interest does not predominate as in *Hamlet*, nor is there the same intensity of emotion as in the later tragedies. All of which agrees again with the conclusion that 1600 is the earliest and 1601 the latest date at which we should expect to find the play had been written. Thus the

three classes of evidence are entirely in harmony, and though none of them would be conclusive, taken in conjunction they make the date 1600–1601 practically certain.

2. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

The sole literary source of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was Plutarch, whose 'Lives' he read in North's translation (the mistakes wherein he several times repeats, showing that he had not read the original). North himself translated (1579 and 1595) not from the Greek, but from the French translation by Amyot (1559). I have quoted freely in the notes; but the student is advised to read the 'Lives' of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. Professor Skeat's reprint in *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is the most convenient volume.

A Latin play on the same subject was performed at Oxford in 1582, from which the '*et tu, Brute*' may have been derived; and mention is found of other plays dealing with it. But whether Shakespeare's play was at all affected by these, we have no means of ascertaining. Attention is called in the notes to points which seem to show conclusively that Shakespeare had no first-hand knowledge of the classical writers.

3. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY.

When Shakespeare set himself to write a historical play, it was not primarily his intention to educate his audience in historical details of which they had been previously ignorant; but he wrote as a dramatist who happened to have found an interesting story to tell in the pages of history. He treated Plutarch and Holinshed very much as he treated Boccaccio. He had not any great regard for accuracy of detail for its own sake, caring only for its dramatic interest. And for that end, speaking broadly, it was of much more importance to follow accepted popular tradition than to defy tradition for the sake of strict historical precision. We all know that in the case of the stories which are most popular in the nursery, children resent any variation on the version to which they are accus-

tomed; and the great public takes very much the same view. Now it may be a very good thing for the child to have a revised version forced upon it, and it doubtless is an excellent thing for the great public to be set right in matters historical; but the dramatic interest suffers if your audience—child or great public—has its attention turned to cavilling at your innovations instead of to the leading motives of the story.

Therefore in telling the story of the fall of Cæsar and of the conspirators Shakespeare deliberately accepted the familiar version as presented in the English translation of Plutarch. It was no part of the dramatist's business to see whether Plutarch told the truth in everything; whether his estimate of the conspirators was a just one; whether the supernatural accompaniments were credible in themselves. It was legitimate from his point of view to use anything and everything that was dramatically effective, and to reject everything unsuited to his purpose.

That Shakespeare followed his original so closely as he has done is no small tribute to the admirably artistic character of Plutarch's narrative. There is hardly a point in the play which is not directly suggested in the Life of Cæsar, or Brutus, or Antony. None of the characters vary appreciably from their portraits as drawn by Plutarch. The very arguments used in the various discussions are reproduced from the same source. Omens and portents reappear with hardly a change of importance except in one particular—the substitution of Cæsar's ghost for Brutus' 'evil angel'. In short, the whole of Shakespeare's material is in Plutarch; yet the play is as completely original, as entirely Shakespearian, as a picture by Turner is a Turner and nothing else. To say that Shakespeare borrowed from Plutarch would be a good deal like saying that Turner 'borrowed' from a landscape.

The play of *Julius Cæsar* has one characteristic in a very much more marked degree than any other of Shakespeare's plays—in the way in which it is pervaded by the notion of irresistible Destiny. Some such effect accompanies almost of necessity any serious introduction of the supernatural; but neither in *Macbeth* nor in *Hamlet* is the idea present with any-

thing like the same force as in the play with which we are now dealing, though it accompanies Octavius through *Antony and Cleopatra*. The feeling that the events of greatest import in the world's history are beyond the manipulation of the actors in them—that in these high matters, at any rate,

> "There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will"—

seems to permeate the whole play. Cæsar sometimes speaks as if he would have said of Destiny what he does say of Danger—

> "We are two lions littered in one day":

yet it is he who says

> "What can be avoided,
> Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?"

Cassius can proclaim with Epicurean fervour that

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings";

but even he is thoroughly possessed with the sense of *doom* at the end of the play. And the whole of the supernatural machinery is utilized to farther this same effect. If the overruling powers so will it, we cannot calculate that the normal result will follow any given act or event. The owl hooting in the market-place is simply a reminder that the ultimate control of things is beyond calculation or human management. And most of all, the idea is embodied in the person of the boy Octavius, who impresses one throughout as the instrument of Fate: triumphant over Brutus and Cassius, and one day to triumph over Antony, not because he is nobler or abler than they, but because he is the chosen means for fulfilling the will of heaven.

At the same time it would be an error to base any argument as to Shakespeare's own belief in omens, spirits, and the like on his use of them in the play. They are appropriate dramatically because they are part of the accepted narrative. Whether the things reported ever actually took place, or are really credible, is of no consequence; they are true, so to

speak, as illustrations, whether true or not in fact. There is nothing in the tale as told in the play which the stoutest of sceptics need complain of. In most of the signs and portents, from the appearance of the owl down to Cassius being slain with the very sword that slew Cæsar, there is nothing inherently incredible. Casca's assertions in i. 3 and Calpurnia's in ii. 2 are made in each case by a person in an extreme state of superstitious alarm. All these things intensify the feeling of doom; they affect us, so to speak, with the electricity in the atmosphere: but they do so independently of the view we may take of their explanation, and they convey no hint of what Shakespeare himself believed. It is characteristic of the great dramatist that he never does give us a clue to his own opinion on most subjects. We go on the general principle that if any of his characters pronounces an opinion with which we agree, that was Shakespeare's own view; and if another pronounces a view with which we disagree, that was not the opinion of Shakespeare. In fact, as with life in general so with Shakespeare's plays: every man finds there conclusive proof that his own ideas on any subject are correct.

So it may plausibly be argued from this play that Shakespeare was a Republican or a Monarchist, a naturalist or a supernaturalist, that he condoned or condemned assassination —the plain fact being that he no more sets about teaching views than Nature does. He shows us the truth of things, and lets his characters tell what they think about them, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. And just as we can draw from an examination of natural objects or actual events inferences and conclusions with a considerable degree of certainty, so we can extract lessons and guiding principles from Shakespeare's plays. They are the same lessons, the same guiding principles, which we should extract from an intelligent study of the life around us; only that we are relieved from the difficulty of having to disencumber ourselves of trivial and barren details which are often misleading. The salient facts are collected for us denuded of the superfluous circumstances.

Although the play is named after Julius Cæsar there is no question that in fact the hero of the piece is Marcus Brutus. So far at least as character is concerned the interest he inspires altogether overshadows that of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, and we are somewhat apt to draw from a hasty reading a more superficial and erroneous idea of the other principal performers than is usual in Shakespeare's plays.

Thus the first idea that we get of Cæsar is that he is a good deal of a braggart, decidedly superstitious while pretending to a contempt for superstition, overweening, with more gasconade than real dignity; justifying, or at any rate fairly excusing the bitter terms in which Cassius speaks of him. Nevertheless a closer study reveals something very different. Cassius cries out in amazement that

> "A man of such a feeble temper should
> So get the start of the majestic world",

and we are inclined to agree. But to Antony he is

> "the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times".

Brutus calls him "the foremost man of all this world", and says

> "I have not known when his affections sway'd
> More than his reason";

so that the position requires to be reconsidered. The explanation seems to lie in this, that Cæsar appears in the flesh at perhaps the least favourable moment in his career: the brief instant in which he might be excused for allowing himself to lapse into arrogance. He has attained complete mastery: the last remnant of open opposition has just been crushed at Munda, and the great conqueror stands on a height such as had never yet been attained by mortal man. There is plenty for him yet to do, but in the brief interval the strain is relaxed; for the time he can afford to give rein to the frailties of his nature and display the weaknesses of ordinary men. In the play we are shown nothing of the means whereby he attained to that eminence—the greatness

is taken for granted. We have but the touch here and there that reminds us of it, in the shrewd characterization of Cassius which marks the judge of men; in the right kingly "What touches us ourself, shall be last served".

Now, it is the human frailties of Cæsar which make the attitude of the conspirators intelligible. Cassius argues his whole case on the ground that Cæsar himself is no better a man than his neighbours. His discourse to Brutus would be too palpably splenetic if Cæsar's conduct did not give it some colour, though Cæsar is, as a matter of fact, only doing so by accident—acting, so to speak, out of his true character, believing as he does merely because the occasion offers a fair excuse for his falling below himself. But it is the greatness of Cæsar which justifies the *dénouement*. The conspirators from Brutus down had read him wrong. While he lived he was the incarnation of the new, inevitable, order of things. When slain, he is not dead; he is the spirit pervading the world; the good angel of Octavius as he is the ill angel of Brutus. Perhaps that is why the vision recorded in Plutarch is changed to the apparition of Cæsar's Ghost. In his person the conspirators attempted to overthrow destiny; it is by the murdered Cæsar that they themselves are overthrown.

Cassius is perhaps more liable to misinterpretation than any other character in the play. We are tempted at sight to suppose merely that he was an ill-tempered man with a personal grudge against Cæsar, and that he concocted the conspiracy solely to satisfy his rancour, inveigling others into it by assuming the airs of a patriot while plotting to gratify his personal spleen at the expense of almost unlimited bloodshed.

These merely personal motives, however, are quite insufficient. The idea of being the slave of a man no better than himself—

> "I had as lief not be, as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself"—

is abhorrent to him, and his bitterness is indefinitely increased by his misconception of Cæsar himself. But his hatred of the tyrant needs to be reinforced by his genuine political

hatred of monarchy in the abstract. He will in no wise endure to be a bondsman himself; but, though only in a secondary degree, he would have all Romans free. He cares little whether Cæsar is formally crowned, but that Cæsar or anyone else should have absolute power is intolerable. He is perfectly honest in his sentiments; they are not invented to deceive Brutus. He wants Brutus to share the leadership at least, not to make a mere tool of him. From end to end of the play, he does his best to induce Brutus to take his own view of what ought to be done; but he always gives way if his persuasion fails. Cicero is excluded; Antony is spared, and subsequently allowed to speak at the funeral; the fortunes of the conspirators are staked on a great battle—in each case Cassius withdraws his opposition in deference to Brutus, whom he loves; in each case we know that Brutus was wrong and Cassius right: yet Cassius has no reproach for his colleague, attempts no rivalry with him, acts throughout with an admirable loyalty. And to appreciate all this fully, we must remember that he is drawn always as a man with a fiery temper, irritable and passionate, to whom it was singularly galling to be crossed.

Certainly Cassius is not a hero. His moral standard is not of the highest. When he has an end in view, he has no inclination to palter about the means. He has no qualms of conscience in the matter of removing Antony as well as Cæsar; he will not cavil at the measures taken by his lieutenants for raising money—

> "In such a time as this, it is not meet
> That every nice offence should bear his comment".

He allows his political convictions to be coloured by his personal feelings, his 'affections sway more than his reason' to an extent which is utterly destructive of statesmanship. But if that applies to his hatred of Cæsar, it applies no less to his love for Brutus. In spite of his angry temper, his followers are devoted to him; Titinius slays himself on the body of his dead chief; to Brutus he is "the last of all the Romans". And intellectually he stands out from the rest of the conspir-

ators as incomparably the shrewdest; the man who can take an initiative; who sees the course which policy requires; who understands other men and knows their true value and danger, unless he is blinded by personal prejudice. He reads Casca like a book; he can even manage Brutus to some extent; he alone recognizes the latent capacities of the arch-foe Antony.

It is the moral elevation of Brutus which makes us forget the great qualities that are in Cassius; and in that moral elevation is the essence of the tragedy, because it is in great part directly responsible for the failure, the ultimate defeat, of the project to which Brutus had devoted himself. That is a rather dangerous statement on the face of it, requiring some explanation.

The problem with which Brutus has to deal is a complex one; the motives which stir his coadjutors are various. No one knows better than the arch-conspirator, Cassius, that the assassination is very difficult to justify, and that most of those who take part in it are not actuated by a spirit of abstract justice; that the cause is not good enough to depend for success on strenuous moral conviction. Now had every man engaged in the conspiracy been as Brutus was—unmoved by personal resentments and jealousies, and wholly convinced that the act was right—the movement would have been attended by that moral force which would have carried public feeling irresistibly along with it. As it was, public feeling could be counted on to only a very limited extent, and required to be supported by the active exercise of physical force. Brutus, strong in his own conviction of the righteousness of his cause, measuring his companions and even the general public by his own standard, confident that it needs nothing more than a plain statement of the case to ensure the support of any honest patriot, insists on being content with the death of Cæsar himself, on letting loose Antony to fire the popular mind, on letting go the means absolutely required to make a miscellaneous army efficient. The purity of his own motives prevents him from seeing the selfishness in those of his companions, or the immense moral weight

thrown into the other scale by the spectacle of Cæsar falling beneath the daggers of men whom he held among his dearest friends. When Brutus is fully convinced that the act is *right*, it seems to him that the fact that he, "Cæsar's angel", endorses it must convince every one that its justification is overwhelming. But to the world the act really appears to be one of rank personal treachery and disloyalty. Brutus loved the man he slew, but slew him for the general good; but the onlookers saw him repaying the trust of Cæsar by murdering him. In fact the plot was a moral shock to the world, and it was therefore utterly hopeless to carry through the policy intended on high moral grounds alone. It followed then that the enterprise was foredoomed to failure, unless, in the employment of means, the dictates of expediency were allowed to carry weight against those of abstract justice.

In his very blindness to this lies much of the beauty of Brutus' character. He is so single-minded himself that he cannot realize the duplicity of others; so unselfish, that he credits every one else with a like purity of motive. Having made up his mind that a certain course will be right *if* it can be carried out in completeness, he never asks whether it can be so carried out without stooping to base methods, such as he will never countenance. The merely practical person, having fixed on the end, adopts the surest means without consideration of their moral justification; the entirely unpractical person assumes that because the end is desirable, it must be attainable by means of which he will approve. It is possible, however, to be as conscientious as Brutus, without ceasing to be practical—but then the cost must be counted beforehand, and the fact that the end cannot be attained will be recognized.

Brutus fails therefore because his unselfishness, his genuine patriotism, his conscientiousness, are combined with a want of judgment, an ignorance of men, a want of insight in affairs, which utterly unfit him for leadership. He is not wrecked by the vacillation of Hamlet, the passion of Othello; he does not swerve because he has a divided mind, nor suffer feeling to outweigh reason; but he reasons wrongly. He trusts his own

judgment, because he does not realize that the assumptions from which he reasons are incorrect. He has lived with books, and does not understand the world around him. Cæsar's dictatorship fills him with dismay; but it is not so much the actual absolutism which shocks him as the fear that Cæsar will claim a crown: whereas Cassius cares little about the coronation except so far as he can use the fear of it as a lever to get rid of the monarch. He judges Antony by prepossessions—no man of the world would have assumed that there was nothing to fear in Antony because he was given "to sports, to wildness, and much company"; or have been soothed by his artfully-worded message into cheerful trustfulness. He takes for granted that a Roman mob will placidly accept his assurance of high motives, and be convinced by his nicely-balanced reasoning—without a suspicion that the entire effect might be scattered to the winds by a skilful appeal to popular passion. He sternly rebukes Cassius for wringing "from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash", and would never dream of doing it himself; but it never occurs to him that when he calls on Cassius to aid him with supplies he is practically compelling his colleague to resort to such pressure in order that he may have supplies to give.

It is thoroughly consistent with all this that he is unconsciously open to flattery, and ready to be beguiled by it; for that is part of his own supreme honesty. Never stooping to flattery himself, conscious of his own integrity, he assumes a like honesty in his companions; he counts their praises as genuine expressions of conviction, not artful methods of persuasion; he sees no double meanings, because his own meaning is always so simple and direct. It is a phase not of conceit but of simplicity. This simplicity is in fact the keynote of his character; its combination with his natural tenderness of disposition makes up the whole man who is so lovable. This tenderness comes out alike in the way he yearns over Cæsar himself and over the woes he is bringing upon the Roman world; and in his gentleness to the boy Lucius, his consideration for Claudius and Varro, his affec-

tion for Portia, his readiness to be reconciled with Cassius; it justifies the warmth of the regard which all his followers show for him; it explains the fact that his arch-enemy has words to say of him as kindly as his dearest friends. In fine, he is a very noble gentleman, seeking to accomplish what could only be effected by a very able man. Being both unpractical and impracticable he fails completely; and yet he leaves on our minds the feeling that the high panegyric pronounced over his dead body by Antony is well deserved, and that it comes most fittingly and rightly from his most implacable foe.

The character of Antony is not completed in this play; in its strength and weakness it is fully presented in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The most noteworthy points of it are shown in the great scene of the funeral oration, and will be found treated at considerable length in the notes. Perfectly remorseless, he has very strong affections and is genuinely devoted to Cæsar, while he is capable of a generous appreciation in Brutus of virtues which he lacks himself. His great capacities are to be wrecked by his uncontrollable passions; but as yet the passions have not broken loose. What we are here impressed by is his extraordinary brilliancy and power of rising to a crisis, combined with the intensity of his personal feelings, and his complete absence of scruple. He has no hesitation in abusing the trust reposed in him by Brutus, and absolutely defying the spirit of his promise while he adheres to its letter; nor has he any qualms about using Lepidus as a temporary tool, to be tossed on one side when convenient. When his personal feelings are stirred and his affections warmly engaged he is ready to face any danger or difficulty; but he has no sense of moral obligation whatever.

Octavius is his foil—as cold and calm and stubborn as Antony is fiery and impulsive; as remorseless, as unscrupulous, as unflinching—we feel here, as we feel with treble force in *Antony and Cleopatra*, that he is resistless, unvanquishable, the chosen instrument of Fate that will not be denied.

The parts of Portia and Calpurnia are small, but they afford an effective and artistic contrast in their appropriateness

to the wives of their respective husbands. Calpurnia is merely Cæsar's shadow; she is devoted to him, but seems to have no independent existence; makes no claim to be accounted his companion, but allows her fears to make her importunate—not for trust and confidence, but to have her way. Portia, on the contrary, has a marked and vigorous personality; her womanly fears are as strong as Calpurnia's, but she will not let them master her. If her husband is to be in danger she would fain share it; if she may not do so in the body she claims the right to be with him in spirit; but she will in no-wise allow her fears to hamper his action. Not till she feels that she has put her powers of self-control to the proof, not till she knows herself worthy, does she claim her right to stand forth as her husband's counsellor and comrade; but when she does claim it, it is not as a favour but as an uncontrovertible right.

There are only two others of the *dramatis personæ* who need some reference here—Casca and Cicero. Each, rather curiously, affords an instance of slight deviation from Plutarch. Of Casca's character, indeed, the historian gives very little suggestion. But he mentions that at the assassination Casca cried out *in Greek*; whereas Shakespeare makes him scoff at Cicero for quoting Greek, much as an ultra-insular Englishman might scoff at a French quotation. In the play Casca assumes prominence, not as a particularly important conspirator, but to serve as a foil to Cassius. He is a man without strength or decision of character, but anxious to pass for the honest, sturdy citizen. Afraid of Cassius' cleverness, he wishes above everything to get credit with him for being clever and energetic; and is generally ready to profess entire agreement with anyone who expresses himself vigorously enough. The extravagance of his superstitious terrors is merely another phase of the same weakness which he commonly endeavours to conceal under a mask of cynical indifference or *brusquerie*.

Though Cicero speaks very little and is spoken of hardly more, we have a singularly distinct impression of him: a man with the emotional irritability of a passionate orator

(i. 2. 185), and the sententious manner of one who esteems himself a philosopher (i. 3). We observe also that his adherence to any cause would give it an air of respectability (ii. 1. 141), but that Brutus objects to him on the ground of his dislike to regarding anyone else as his leader. It is in this last point that the divergence from Plutarch appears; as the conspirators are described as rejecting him on the ground that he was too timid to commit himself loyally to so dangerous a scheme. Shakespeare's outline is in fact thoroughly consistent with all we know of the man; but on the particular point it is pretty certain that Plutarch was right. Shakespeare's conception of him was probably derived from casual impressions picked up from incidental allusions to the great orator which he had come across in his miscellaneous reading.

Although there is abundance of action in the play, the whole drama is one of character rather than action. This is the justification of the fourth act, which somewhat impedes the action, but strengthens the feeling of reality in the whole: because it explains how Brutus and Cassius managed to work together; how, with tempers so opposite and with such different conceptions of the task before them, they were not sundered as Antony and Octavius were subsequently sundered; while it affords an admirable opportunity of drawing out the most fundamental characteristics of the two men.

For purposes of reference, the *Globe* text is now recognized generally as the standard. That text and numbering of lines have therefore been adhered to with scarcely any change, and such changes are mentioned in the notes. As a rule, even where the present editor thinks that some alteration might be preferable, he has only called attention in the notes to his reasons instead of actually changing the text.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome: the neighbourhood of Sardis: the neighbourhood of Philippi*

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now: of late,

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I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish, and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.
Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar?
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself? 264

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay. 280

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 291

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school. 300

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night.
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural";
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who 's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.
Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?
[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'T is time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal

A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dèc. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will: [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
"ARTEMIDORUS."
Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer*] The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
CÆSAR *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.*
Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,—
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar,—
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me!
[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*
Cæs. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"
Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of [illegible]dship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, [illegible]! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst [illegible]ll; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy [illegible]il, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it no
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but Antony.*
Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body*

Scene II. *The Forum.*

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I wept for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.
Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.
First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, hō!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here,
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We 'll mutiny.
First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true. The will! Let 's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We 'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him: 270
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Where do you dwell?

Third Cit. Whither are you going?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly. 10

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent,—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Bru. Hark! he is arrived.
[*Low march within.*
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and his powers.*

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say 'better'?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be 'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with wine and taper.*

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscription, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'T is better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*]
Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too?
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?
[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*
Cas. Messala!
Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He 's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,

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That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. *Enter fighting.* Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho;
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon my mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Act I.—Scene I.

The play commences with comedy. The mob is like all Shakespeare's mobs—much excited at the prospect of a show, very ready to be quite sure that the last speaker is the wisest, and very ready to appreciate a joke however small, if it is only sufficiently obvious. Their politics are entirely personal, and they all start prepared to shout for Cæsar because Cæsar is giving them a show. The tribunes, on the other hand, are party politicians, not opposed to Cæsarism, but partisans of the dead Pompey.

Cæsar "went into Spain to make war with the sons of Pompey... This was the last war that Cæsar made. But the triumph that he made into Rome for the same did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before: because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown". (*North's Plutarch.*)

This triumph took place in October (B.C. 45); but the feast of the Lupercalia was not till some months later. The action of the tribunes, as here related, was taken at the Lupercalia. Shakespeare has merely taken the license of combining the two events.

3. **mechanical**, artisans, mechanics.

ought not walk. In Early English, the infinitive terminated in *-en*. As this was dropped *to* became the sign of the infinitive, but after some auxiliary verbs, though the inflexional termination was dropped, the *to* was not always inserted. The license of using or not using *to* is retained with a few words such as 'bid'; but in Shakespeare's time there were many words with which it might be used or omitted at pleasure. See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* §§ 349, 350.

4, 5. **sign Of your profession**, tools employed or garments worn in the exercise of the particular trade, as in line 7.

10. **in respect of**, in comparison with: cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 19, "but a night-gown in respect of yours".

11. **cobbler.** The second commoner never misses the chance of a pun. A *cobbler* means either a mender of shoes, or a bungler.

12. **directly**: not 'at once', but 'without circumlocution'.

18. **be not out with me.** We have the slang use of the converse, 'to be in with one', *i.e.* on good terms. Cf. such phrases as 'to be put out', 'to fall out'.

26. **with awl. I.** Fol. *withal I.* But we may safely assume that the pun is intended.

28. **recover.** Pope changed to *re-cover*. But when the play on words is so obvious, it is of no consequence which form of printing is adopted.

proper, goodly; a very common use, especially in such phrases as 'a proper man of his hands'. Cf. *Hebrews*, xi. 23, "because they saw he was a proper child". See Glossary.

29. **neat's leather,** calf-skin. See Glossary.

47. **pass the streets.** The omission of the preposition with verbs of motion is common: cf. i. 2. 110, "arrive the point proposed". So we can say 'reach' or 'reach to', 'attain' or 'attain to'.

50. **That,** for *so that*. This is very frequent in Shakespeare.

her banks. In Latin, rivers are always masculine, and Tiber is 'Father Tiber'; but the Elizabethans freely personified rivers as feminine.

51. **replication,** echo, repetition. See Glossary.

54. **cull out,** pick out; *i.e.* 'is this a day to choose for a holiday?'

56. **Pompey's blood,** Pompey's sons, one of whom, Gnaeus, had been killed at Munda. This triumph was in consequence of that victory. The triumph may have been, in form, to celebrate the defeat of the Lusitanians only, as Mommsen thinks; but in spirit and effect it was a triumph over Pompey's sons.

66. **whether.** *Whether*, *whither*, *either* are all frequently scanned as monosyllables, the *th* not being sounded. See Appendix A, § 6 (vii).

70. **ceremonies,** an abstract term used for the concrete thing. *Ceremony* usually means an *act*; here it means the material decoration which is the *mark* of the act; as we sometimes have 'battle' used for 'army'. The first four letters appear usually to be pronounced as in 'cere-cloth'. See Appendix A, § 6 (iii).

72. **Lupercal.** The *Lupercalia* were held on Feb. 15th. The feast came down from pastoral times; and the rites connected with it were supposed to have the joint effect of purification and fertilization. See also next scene, and especially note on line 4. The dramatist has not hesitated to transfer the triumph, which took place in October, to the day of the Lupercalia.

78. **pitch,** a technical term for the soaring of a falcon.

Scene 2.

This scene introduces all the principal characters, and gives the key-note of their temperaments. Cæsar has the manner of one who takes for granted that his orders will be obeyed and his opinion accepted, without question or doubt. Brutus is aloof, and mournful, his mind preyed upon by imaginary bookish ideals, but apparently without any notion that he could have any initiative in changing the course of events, till the idea is subtly suggested by Cassius. Cassius himself, the prime conspirator, shows all his characteristics.

> "Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
> Whiles they behold a greater than themselves."

Sheer jealousy is his strongest motive, and mixed up with it a certain republican and patriotic sentiment. He plays skilfully upon Brutus's self-esteem—and Brutus is always the victim of an adroit flatterer. Casca belongs to the type of man who prides himself on his bluntness, but is a child in the hands of a clever manipulator.

4. **run his course.** "That day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs." (*North's Plutarch.*) These thongs were strips of the skins of goats which the Luperci had sacrificed; and their touch was supposed to remove barrenness.

9. **sterile curse,** curse which makes sterile; the adjective which usually signifies an effect, here signifies the cause. Cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 132, "Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger".

11. **ceremony,** here in its ordinary sense. See Appendix A, § 6 (iii).

18. **ides of March,** the 15th. The Romans reckoned by the number of days before the Nones, then the Ides, then the Kalends of the next month. The Kalends were the first of the month, the Nones and Ides respectively the 7th and 15th of March, May, July, and October, the 5th and 13th of other months.

29. **quick spirit,** lively humour, or fondness for gaiety. Brutus, lacking the quality himself, counts it a mark of incapacity in anyone who has it. A common blunder of very serious persons.

33, 34. **that gentleness ... as.** We use 'which' as relative to 'that' antecedent; 'as' relative to 'such' antecedent. These are often interchanged in Shakespeare: and we have "that as" or "such which". Cf. line 174—

> "Under these hard conditions as this time
> Is like to lay upon us";

and i. 3. 116, "such a man That is no fleering tell-tale".

35, 36. **bear... a hand Over**, hold in check, as a rider (cf. 'bearing rein'). The sense would seem to be much the same as to 'ride on the curb'.

40. **passions**, feelings. See Glossary.

of some difference, *i.e.* that are contradictory, opposed to each other: the same sense as "with himself at war", line 46.

42. **soil**, blemish, tarnish.

behaviours. Shakespeare often uses a plural form to imply repetition, or for some like purpose, where we keep to the singular. Thus *behaviours* means 'behaviour on several occasions'; and where several people are of the same opinion, he would still write 'in their opinions'. Cf. ii. 1. 148.

45. **construe any further**, find more meaning in.

48. **mistook**. When the past participle terminated in *-en* (as in 'taken', 'broken', 'shaken'), the general tendency to drop inflexional terminations often led to the substitution of the form of the past tense ('took', 'broke', 'shook', &c.).

58. **shadow**, reflection.

59. **Where**, used loosely in many cases where we should rather expect to find 'when'.

60. **immortal**. Observe the irony of this epithet, in connection with the speech, 90–131.

62. **had his eyes**. This would seem to be a grammatical slip, as *his*, to make the meaning consistent, should refer to the subject; the point being that Brutus should have eyes with which he could see himself: the construction being as though Cassius had said 'many *a one...has* wished'. But the obvious sense, 'could see', may be all that is intended.

71. **jealous**, doubtful. So "That you do love me, I am nothing jealous" (line 162).

on. 'Of' and 'on' are frequently interchangeable. One may be sent 'on' or 'of' a message, have hair 'of' or 'on' one's face, &c.

72. **laugher**. Ff. *laughter*. The correction is Pope's. If the Folio reading is right, "laughter" would mean 'object of laughter', as we use 'scorn' = 'object of scorn'.

73. **ordinary oaths**, oaths of which I make frequent use.

77. **profess myself**: either 'parade my feelings' or 'make profession of friendship' as in *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 456, "dishonoured by a man which ever professed to him".

86, 87. 'If honour and death must be looked upon together, I will look on them together without trouble of mind.'

91. **favour**, personal appearance. So we still speak of a person being 'well favoured', or 'favouring his father', meaning that he looks like him. See Glossary.

95. **lief**, willingly: see Glossary. Also note the play upon *lief* and *live*, and cf. note on line 156.

100. Cæsar is said to have been a great swimmer. The story of his swimming for life, holding one hand with documents in it clear of the water all the time, is related by Suetonius and Plutarch, and is familiar from the lines in Browning's *Pied Piper* concerning the solitary rat who,

> "stout as Julius Cæsar,
> Swam across, and lived to carry
> To Rat-land home his commentary".

104. **Upon the word.** Cf. 269, "taken him at a word".

105. **Accoutred**, fully clad.

109. **hearts of controversy**, *i.e.* of emulation; like "passions of difference", line 40.

110. **arrive the point.** Cf. "pass the streets", 1. 47, and note there.

112-114. Anchises, king of Dardanus on Mount Ida, was the father of Æneas by Venus. At the sack of Troy Æneas bore his father from the burning town upon his shoulders. Roman legend regarded Æneas as the progenitor of the Roman people; see Vergil's *Aeneid*, Book I.

115. **Did I.** The repetition of the subject is really superfluous, and is simply due to the first part of the sentence being forgotten.

119. **He had a fever.** Plutarch relates that Cæsar was subject to the "falling sickness, the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba a city of Spain".

122. The natural form would be that the colour fled from the lips. Cassius inverts it, in order to suggest the idea of a coward deserting his colours. Cf. note on line 156.

123. **bend**, look. 'Bent' is used in the same sense. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. 213, "tended her i' the eyes, and made their bends adornings".

124. **his.** The genitive 'its' is hardly ever found in Shakespeare: and never in the Bible (Authorised Version).

130, 131. The metaphor is of course from foot-racing. For the scansion of 131 see Appendix A, § 5 (i).

90-131. The bearing of this speech is that Cæsar is a mere mortal, and very subject to the ills of the flesh: it develops the angry irony of "immortal Cæsar" in line 60. Cassius is not arguing that Cæsar

is an incompetent person, but that he is being treated as a deity when he is nothing of the kind, as his infirmity proves. Note phrases in the speech which mark this clearly.

136. **Colossus**, the famous Colossus of Rhodes; a huge brazen figure traditionally declared to have stood astride the entrance of the harbour at Rhodes, and to have been of such a size that vessels in full sail passed in and out between the legs.

142 *foll.*—Having led up to the position that Cæsar is at best merely a man, Cassius now suggests that Brutus is as good a man; seeking to make Brutus feel the difference between them as a personal slight. Having hinted the flattery, he does not press it but begins to stir up the republican sentiment which he knows he must persuade Brutus to regard as his only real motive.

146. **conjure with 'em**, use the names as words of power to summon up spirits.

152. **the great flood.** The reference to the flood is not out of place for a Roman, though it may be doubted whether the specific Greek or Roman version of the story was in Shakespeare's mind. The story finds a place in nearly every mythology. In the most familiar classical version, there was a universal deluge from which there escaped only Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha. By advice of an oracle, they then threw stones behind them which were turned into men and women, whereby the world was repeopled.

153. **But**=except, unless: as we sometimes use 'without'. See Glossary. The use was common in Early English, but was dying out in Shakespeare's time.

156. **Rome ... room.** The pronunciation of the words was almost identical. Shakespeare did not hesitate to play upon words in the gravest passages. The *locus classicus* is in Gaunt's speech in *Richard II.* ii. 1. 73—

> "Oh how that name befits my composition!
> Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old".

This is the third time in this scene that Cassius has juggled with words in this manner. Cf. lines 95 and 122.

157. **one.** Observe that this was pronounced 'own'.

159. **There was a Brutus**, Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins: from whom Marcus Brutus claimed descent.

160. **eternal.** Johnson proposed to read *infernal.* Commentators may differ as to whether 'eternal' or 'infernal' is the more forcible epithet—the text seems to me preferable. But it is quite possible that Shakespeare wrote 'infernal', and that he or the printer changed it to avoid trouble from the act of James I. "to restrain the abuses of players" in the use of profane language. Many such alterations certainly were made. See Introduction, § 1 (2).

160. **to keep.** The infinitive is the object of *brook'd*, as we should use it after 'suffered', 'allowed'. This construction was more freely used.

162. **jealous,** doubtful. Cf. line 71.

163. **aim,** guess.

172, 173. **had rather be ... Than to repute himself.** Here we have the sign of the infinitive omitted and inserted after the same verb. See i. 1. 3, note.

174. **these...as.** See note on line 33, "that gentleness...as".

193. **Sleek-headed men:** suggested by *North's Plutarch*: "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads (quoth he) I never reckon of them; but these pale-imaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius".

197. **well given,** well disposed.

215. *Casca.* At the beginning of the scene Casca was to the front in calling for silence for Cæsar. As soon as he is with Cassius he instinctively changes his tone.

"Antony...came to Cæsar and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there arose a cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Caesar refused the diadem then all the people together made an outcry of joy." (*North's Plutarch.*) According to Plutarch the offer was made twice.

230. **gentler than other.** *Other* is often a pronoun as here, in Shakespeare: a use retained by us in the form 'each other' for 'each the other'. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 12.

245. **hooted.** *Hoot, shout, howt, hoo, hue* (in 'hue and cry') merely represent an indefinite clamour, and the pronunciation and spelling were for a long time equally indefinite.

250. **swounded.** *Swoon* and *swound* are used indifferently.

256. **falling sickness,** epilepsy. The name is used in *North's Plutarch.*

267. **plucked me ope.** 'Me' is dative; as in *Taming of the Shrew*, "knock me on this door".

doublet. Shakespeare writes as if the Romans dressed like Elizabethans. Cf. "unbraced" which occurs at i. 3. 48, and ii. 1. 262. So *points, i.e.* laces or tags used in fastening the costume; cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 156, "mingle eyes With one that ties his points".

268. **occupation,** mechanical trade. Cf. *Coriolanus*, iv. 1. 14, "The red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, And occupations perish!"

300. **mettle, high spirit.** A metaphorical use of 'metal'; as spelling came to be more definitely settled, the one form was used for one sense, the other for the other sense. Cf. 'quean' and 'queen'.

311. **the world,** the condition of affairs.

313. **metal.** Cf. note on line 300. Here, the word being consciously metaphorical, the alternative spelling is used.

314. **From that it is disposed,** *i.e.* from that to which it is disposed. The omission of the relative is by no means rare, whether as subject or object. The omission of the preposition is analogous to that in i. 1. 47, where see note.

317. **bear me hard.** The phrase occurs three times in this play, and also in Beaumont and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson. It has much the same force as i. 2. 35—

> "You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
> Over your friend that loves you".

See note there. But I doubt if this is a metaphor from riding. It certainly means 'bear a grudge against' or 'hate'. In this passage it might mean that Cæsar checks Cassius, but that sense does not apply to the treatment of Cæsar by Ligarius (ii. 1. 215), and hardly to the passage in Antony's speech, iii. 1. 157. Mr. Fleay suggests, from the use of this phrase, that Ben Jonson had a hand in the play: but see note on iii. 1. 48.

319. **He,** Cæsar: or possibly Cassius is sneering at Brutus for being led so easily by his own rhetoric, in which case 'he' would mean Brutus. But this does not seem to agree with the very strong affection he obviously had for Brutus. Yet, considering the careful skill with which he employs conscious flattery to effect his purpose, it is not impossible. Cf. the lines in the speech immediately following.

325, 326. Closing the scene with a rhymed couplet is very frequent in the earlier plays: less usual in the later ones. Other instances in this play are at ii. 3, v. 3, and the close of the play. The practice may be compared with that in the Greek drama of concluding a section with a gnome or proverb. But most of the plays end up with a couplet.

Scene 3.

A month has elapsed since the conspiracy was first set on foot.

Cicero is sententious, and wears an air of philosophic calm. He was indeed prouder of his philosophy than of his oratory. In the combination of this with the previous description of him, i. 2. 185-8, a singularly complete picture of the man is given. Casca, as always, allows the moment's mood to control him, and the mood itself is

controlled by the immediate circumstances. Both are in strong contrast to Cassius, to whom the conditions of the moment are of interest just so far as he sees his way to making use of them for the end he holds steadily and unceasingly in view.

The portents narrated by Casca hardly vary from Plutarch's account: but the lion is an addition.

1. **brought**, attended. We commonly use *bring* and *take* in the two specific senses which are both covered by *bring* in Shakespeare, who would say 'bring him away'.

3. **sway**, (1) established order (Schmidt); (2) weight or momentum of the globe (Johnson). The former is probably right.

6. **rived.** The form of the past participle in *-ed* or *-en* was still not fixed in many words. So we have *shaked* as well as *shaken*, *rived* as well as *riven*. Cf. i. 2. 48, note.

11. **civil strife in heaven**, civil war among the gods.

14. **more wonderful**: either 'saw you anything else wonderful' or 'anything more wonderful than you have seen before'.

15. These lines are Plutarch turned into poetry. A careful comparison of the wording is instructive as an example of the essential difference between poetry and prose. "There was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt".

21. **glared.** Early edd. *glaz'd*. *Glared* is Pope's emendation. Johnson suggested *gazed*. Shakespeare may have written *glazed*, meaning a glassy stare, unlike the usual aspect of the animal. If so, however, the word was coined for the occasion.

26. **the bird of night.** The owl has always been regarded as an uncanny bird, both on account of its ordinary habits and its cry. For a solitary night-bird to appear in the crowded market-place in broad day was of course peculiarly ominous because peculiarly contrary to habit.

31. **portentous things**, signs and warnings.

32. **climate**, region. So in *Richard II.* iv. 1. 130, "a Christian climate" = a Christian country.

35. **Clean from the purpose.** *From* in the sense, 'apart from', without a verb of motion, occurs several times, *e.g.* ii. 1. 196, "grown quite from the main opinion he held once".

39. **sky**, atmosphere. Cf. in Amiens' song, *As You Like It*, "Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky".

48. **unbraced.** Cf. i. 2. 267, "doublet", and note.

49. **thunder-stone.** Cf. "the all-dreaded thunder-stone" in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 271. The lightning flash was supposed to be accompanied literally by the fall of a thunderbolt.

60. **put on fear**, put on the signs of fear as in ii. 1. 225, "Let not our looks put on our purposes".

cast yourself in wonder, into wonder, as we speak of 'throwing' a person into confusion or amazement.

62-66. The construction in these lines is quite lost, not without a certain dramatic fitness. It would be made rather less irregular by transposing 64 and 65; but there is no ground for demanding the change, and even then strict regularity would not result.

65. **fool.** Ff. *fools*. The text was Mitford's conjecture, as 'calculating' is scarcely out of the order of nature for old men.

calculate, prognosticate: properly, from calculating the horoscope, or astrological signs attending birth.

68. **monstrous**, strange and ominous; size is not necessarily suggested, although in modern usage it has come to be the prominent sense; cf. 'prodigious', and 'enormous'. The sense is, 'The abnormal natural appearances are warnings of an abnormal condition of affairs'.

70-73. For the scanning of these lines see Appendix A, § 5 (ii).

75. **the lion in the Capitol.** There were no lions ordinarily in the Capitol. But Casca had met one there; and as Shakespeare, as well as an Elizabethan audience, probably thought of the Capitol as a sort of Roman Tower of London (where lions were habitually kept), the inaccuracy presents no real difficulty. Craik, however, put a comma after lion, referring *in the Capitol* to Cæsar.

76. **than ... me.** A very ordinary grammatical error in colloquial usage, arising no doubt from the vague idea that *than* is a preposition. But 'me' and 'him' when 'I' and 'he' are demanded by strict grammar, and (less frequently) the converse, are not much rarer in Shakespeare than in common conversation.

77. **prodigious.** The idea of size may be present here, though secondary; as Cassius has already to Brutus spoken of Cæsar as a Colossus.

82. **woe the while**, woe the time, *i.e.* woe for the time, as we may say, 'alas the day'.

83. **with** instead of 'by' for agent or instrument is hardly rare now, and was commoner still in Shakespeare's day. Abbott, § 193.

84. **sufferance**, patience. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 111, "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe".

87. **shall wear**, is to wear.

89-115. If a little bombastic, this speech has the ring of genuine feeling in it. Cassius is not merely stirred by envy. The student should note passages bringing out this side of Cassius' character. In the very next speech it is envy that predominates again.

93. The familiar lines "Stone walls do not a prison make" will occur to the reader. Cassius' point, however, is different—being that a prisoner can end his captivity by suicide.

101, 102. **bondman ... cancel.** Casca plays on the two senses of *bond*, the fetters of a slave, and a binding legal document. The same play on the word occurs in *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 27, where Posthumus says, referring to his chains, "take this life, And cancel these cold bonds".

114. 'I shall have to answer for my words.'

115. **indifferent**, of no moment; because they can be escaped by death. As an Epicurean (v. 1. 76) Cassius counts suicide as a mere question of convenience: to Brutus, the Stoic, suicide is only a last resort to escape disgrace.

116, 117. **such a man That.** See i. 2. 33, "that gentleness...as", note.

118. **factious**, active in combination with others. It does not seem to imply malignant activity (as we use the word) any more than 'faction', the general term applied by Brutus (ii. 1. 77) to his fellow conspirators.

122. **Some certain:** either *some* or *certain* is merely redundant. Cf. *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 59, "Some certain of your brethren".

124. **consequence:** not 'importance' but 'result', the sense in which we generally write 'consequences'.

126. **Pompey's porch.** The Theatre and Curia of Pompey, where Pompey's statue stood, were in the Campus Martius. Observe that Shakespeare transfers the statue, and the scene of the murder with it, to the Capitol.

128. **the element**, the air, like "sky" above.

129. **favour**, aspect; as we speak of 'ill-favoured'. Ff. have *is Favors*. Reed corrects *is feverous*, which is possible; but the correction in the text (Johnson's) is nearer the original reading; and though somewhat pleonastic is quite natural.

132. **I do know him by his gait.** This quickness of observation is characteristic of Cassius, who recognized Casca by his voice.

133. **where haste you.** Probably 'where' (*in* what place) came into use for 'whither' (*to* what place) from the pronunciation of 'whither' being slurred, as with 'either' and 'whether'.

135. **incorporate** = incorporated, as we speak of a 'bishop designate'. Cf. "their incorporate league", *Henry V.* v. 2. 394. See note on iv. 3. 155.

144. **Where Brutus may but find it:** either (1) 'cannot but find it'; or (2) 'where only Brutus can find it'. See Glossary s. v. *But*.

146. **old Brutus,** Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; the "liberator of his country". Cf. i. 2. 159, note.

147. **shall find us.** 'Will' with second and third person implies merely futurity: *shall* suggests some sort of *necessity* or compulsion.

148. **Is.** The singular verb with plural subject may here be explained; the verb is spoken while only one subject (Decius) is in the speaker's mind, Trebonius being added as an afterthought. But cf. note on iii. 2. 29.

Decius Brutus. Shakespeare followed North's translation, taken from Amyot's French translation of Plutarch. *Decius* was Amyot's error for *Decimus*. In fact, Decimus Brutus was quite as prominent and active a member of the conspiracy as Marcus Brutus: he was in every respect a no less important person; from Cicero's letters, at this period, it is evident that he was regarded as one of the heads of the whole movement.

152. **Pompey's theatre.** See note on "Pompey's porch", line 126.

159. **countenance,** support.

162. **conceited,** conceived, judged; perhaps with some suggestion of the fanciful expression or 'conceit' Casca had used. Shakespeare turned substantives into verbs whenever he found it convenient. *Conceit* as a verb occurs again iii. 1. 192, "one of two bad ways you must conceit me", and once in *Othello*.

Act II.

The first Act gave the preliminary stages: the second is the completion of the conspiracy.

Scene 1.

The conspirators hold their final meeting, all coming together for the first time. A further revelation of the pathetic and trustful turn of Brutus' character is given; as well as of the combination of his desire to follow the course which patriotism sets before him, with his intellectual incompetence for judging either the men or the circumstances with which he has to deal.

5. **When,** an exclamation of impatience.

12. **the general,** the general public. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 457, "caviare to the general".

14. **brings forth the adder,** *i.e.* (as shown by line 33) hatches it. 'The coronation of Cæsar will hatch the adder, and give Cæsar a sting: as the bright day makes a dangerous snake from a harmless egg. Brutus knows of the Senate's intention to offer Cæsar a crown:

and he argues that though Cæsar has hitherto acted with moderation and judgment, this may remove the cause of his moderation, and so the danger is too great; therefore the (possible) adder must be killed before it is hatched.

To Cassius, the practical, it is Cæsar's power that is unendurable: to Brutus, the sentimental, it is the form or title of royalty. But his argument has a practical side, in the fear that the form of royalty may also lead to Cæsar using his power in a different way, though no new powers would be conferred by it.

We may compare the belief under the Commonwealth that Cromwell was anxious for the title of king, and the uneasiness caused thereby: though similarly his coronation would not have given him larger powers.

19. **Remorse**, pity, mercy, without the modern idea of self-reproach. So constantly in Shakespeare.

20. **affections**, inclinations, passions, *i.e.* he has not "disjoined remorse from power": a frequent Elizabethan use.

21. **proof**, experience: so frequently.

28. **prevent**, anticipate, be beforehand. The first sense is 'precede', 'go before', as in the collect "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings".

28, 29. **the quarrel Will bear, &c.** 'Since the motive for quarrel with him cannot be justified on the ground of what he actually is, state the case in this way'. *Quarrel* and *colour* are common in this sense.

30. **Fashion it**, construct it, put into shape: *it* being the case, or motive, for quarrel.

31. **extremities.** We should prefer to say 'extremes'.

40. **ides.** Early edd. *first.* Either a slip of Shakespeare's pen, or of the printers, as is proved by line 59. The slip, if Shakespeare's, may have been partly due to a reference in *North's Plutarch* to "the first of March".

44. **exhalations**, meteors.

46. **see thyself.** The phrase marks the handiwork of Cassius.

47. **&c.** The scansion of this line is doubtful. Comparing 51 and 55, I think *&c.* is to be pronounced as a trisyllable, and that *strike* is a foot by itself. See Appendix A, § 3 (iii).

50. **took.** See i. 2. 48, note on "mistook".

53. **My ancestors**, Lucius Junius Brutus. Another mark of the sentimental view of a practical question which always touches Brutus.

55. **Speak, strike.** Each of these words has a very strong stress giving it the force of a foot by itself.

59. **fourteen.** Ff. *fifteen*, corrected by Warburton. It was in fact now early morning on the fifteenth day: but Brutus evidently thought of it as the night of the fourteenth.

64. **motion,** impulse, setting in motion.

66-69. "The **genius,** or power that watches for his protection, and the **mortal instruments,** the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate: when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance". (Johnson.) Evidently Johnson takes *Genius* as a guardian spirit (as it appears always to be used), opposed to the *mortal* passions of the flesh: which are in *council*, *i.e.* 'in debate' together. Others take *mortal* as 'deadly'. The *instruments* may also be the 'organs' rather than the 'passions'; but on the whole Johnson's rendering seems the least difficult.

67. **state,** a frequent metaphor.

69. **insurrection.** Cf. i. 2. 46, "Brutus, with himself at war".

70. **brother.** Cassius' wife was Brutus' sister.

72. **moe,** old form of 'more', of very frequent occurrence, used in expressions of number, not of size.

77. **faction.** Cf. note on "factious", i. 3. 118.

83. **path.** The use of a substantive as a verb has so many parallels (Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 290) that the text may be correct. *Pass*, *thy*; *pace*, *thy*; *put thy* have all been suggested, and may any of them be right.

native, natural.

84. **Erebus,** one of the divisions of the infernal regions, where the light was fabled to be dim.

101-111. The casual character of this conversation may be taken either as a mark of extreme anxiety, or of heedlessness. Which?

104. **fret.** 'The breaking of the edges of the clouds with light' is the idea conveyed.

107. **growing on,** encroaching on.

108. **Weighing,** *i.e.* if you weigh or consider how young the year is. As it was almost the equinox, Casca's calculations are not very accurate. Sunrise would be very nearly due east.

111. **the Capitol.** Cf. note on i. 3. 75. Possibly the fact that the Tower of London was due east of the Globe Theatre may have been in Shakespeare's mind.

114. **face of men,** *i.e.* the sense of danger and anxiety which we see on men's faces.

114-116. The construction is changed in the course of the sentence. 'If these things are not motive strong enough' is the form intended at first.

115. **sufferance**: here 'distress'.

118. **high-sighted**, *i.e.* 'that looks high'.

123. **What need we**=why need we. Cf. A.V. "What need we any further witness?"

125. **secret**, discreet.

126. **palter**, be shifty.

129. **Swear priests**: 'to swear' is still used transitively as well as intransitively. We talk of 'swearing a witness', 'swearing a man to secrecy'.

cautelous, deceitful, untrustworthy. See Glossary.

130. **carrion** occurs several times as a term of contempt in Shakespeare.

130, 131. **such ... souls That.** Cf. note on i. 2. 33, "that gentleness...as".

133. **even**, calm.

134. **insuppressive**: for 'insuppressible', the active for the passive form. Cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10, "the unexpressive she". Conversely we have "unmeritable" for 'undeserving', iv. 1. 12; "contemptible" for 'contemptuous,' &c. For other instances see Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 3.

135. **To think**, by thinking. The infinitive is thus frequently used for the gerund. So A.V. "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" Cf. ii. 2. 119, "I am to blame to be thus waited for", and iii. 2. 108, "What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?"

or...or for 'either...or' is common.

138. **a several bastardy**, is separately the cause of an illegitimate act. Every particle of the man is responsible for his act.

141. **shall we sound him.** Note the emphasis on *him*, marked by the scansion of the line. Line 183 presents an exact parallel. But see Appendix A, § 7 (i).

145. **silver hairs.** Cicero was now about 62 years of age.—Note the play upon the words *silver* and *purchase.*

148. **youths.** For the plural, see note on "behaviours", i. 2. 42.

150. **break with him**, make disclosure to him; so frequently. The modern use in the sense 'quarrel' occurs only in *Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 47, "It cannot be The Volsces dare break with us".

153. Notice that whereas Cassius merely assents to Brutus' objection, without confirming it, Casca veers completely round.

155. Cassius, practical as usual, urges the direct advantages of removing Antony. Brutus is impressed, also as usual, by the sentimental aspect of the question. And as usual, Cassius gives way to Brutus.

157. **find of him**: a common construction, analogous to our "make a fool of".

162. Brutus has a fine confidence, not only that the motives of his fellow-conspirators are as pure as his own, but that their purity must be readily and proudly recognized. Cassius prefers a less hypothetical security.

163. **To cut the head off**: another instance of the infinitive used as gerund. Cf. above, line 135 and note.

166. For the scansion see Appendix A, § 5 (iv).

169. **come by**, get possession of.

174. Malone quotes *North's Plutarch*; he "was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters".

175. **as subtle masters do.** The standing example in English history is that of Henry II. and the murder of Becket. The principle is elaborately discussed in Macchiavelli's *Prince*.

178. For scansion, see Appendix A, § 7 (ii).

183. **him**, emphatic, as in line 141, where see note: and Appendix A, § 7 (iii).

184. **ingrafted love**, love that is so firmly fixed in him as to have become a part of him.

187. **take thought.** Cf. A.V. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?"

188. **And that were much**, and that would be a great deal for him. Brutus is quite incapable of realizing the force that may be hidden behind so frivolous an exterior.

190. **fear**, cause of fear, danger. Shakespeare often uses words to express the *cause* of a feeling which we use only to express the feeling. So 'to fear' is used for 'to cause fear' (*e.g.* "this aspect of mine hath fear'd the valiant", *Merchant of Venice*, ii. i. 8): and we have had "sterile" for 'causing sterility' in i. 2. 9.

191. *Clock strikes.* This is an anachronism. Cf. ii. 4. 22, note. —Observe also the careful marking of time in these scenes leading up to the murder. It is eight when the conspirators summon Cæsar (ii. 2. 114), and "the ninth hour" when the soothsayer goes to meet him.

194. **Whether**, a monosyllable. Cf. i. 1. 66, note.

196. **Quite from the main opinion.** Cf. "clean from the purpose", i. 3. 35.

main opinion, general opinion. Mason ingeniously (but unnecessarily) conjectured *mean*, which was probably pronounced 'main'.

197. **ceremonies**, superstitious notions—the third sense in which the word has occurred in this play; see i. 1. 70, 2. 11.

198. **apparent:** not 'seeming' but 'which have appeared' or possibly 'evident': but the latter is unlikely, as Cassius, the speaker, professes disbelief in omens.

200. **augurers.** The ordinary form 'augur' never occurs as a substantive in the plays, unless in a doubtful passage in *Macbeth*. *Augurer* occurs again in this play, in *Coriolanus*, and in *Antony*. The augurs were professional interpreters of omens, more especially of those obtained from sacrifices. Both the state and individuals rarely set about any important business without inquiring whether the omens were favourable.

203. Bacon in his essay *of Friendship* has the following:—"With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's *Philippics*, calleth him *venefica* (witch) as if he had enchanted Cæsar."—Bacon's knowledge of the period was not drawn from *North's Plutarch*.

204. **Unicorns** were supposed to be captured by the huntsman standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged, so that it drove its horn into the tree.

205. "Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed." (Steevens.)

215. **bear Cæsar hard.** Cf. i. 2. 317, and references in the note there.

218. **by him,** by way of his house.

220. **fashion him,** mould him: much as in line 30, "fashion it thus".

225. **put on,** wear the appearance or signs of, like "put on fear", i. 3. 60.

227. **formal,** dignified, like "formal majesty", *2 Henry IV.* v. 2. 133.

230. **honey-heavy dew,** dew heavy with honey, or like honey; perhaps referring to the glutinous deposit known as 'honey-dew'. There was, however, a popular belief that the honey in flowers was generated by dew. Hence Vergil, *Georgics*, iv. 1, "aerii mellis caelestia dona" (celestial gifts of aerial honey).

234. Portia plays a very small part, yet she is a singularly clear and complete figure. Her strength of character, her resolution, her tenderness, her persistency, and her loyalty are equally marked. The account of Portia's arguments and actions throughout is taken directly from Plutarch.

236. **condition,** of body. Below, line 254, the word stands, again by itself, for 'condition of mind', 'temper'. Portia's "weak condition" probably means that she had been actually ill; as Plutarch says she had brought on a fever by her wound (line 300); and Brutus would have known of the fever though she had concealed the cause.

237. **Nor for yours neither.** The double negative is habitual.

238. **Stole:** elsewhere 'stolen'. Cf. 'took' for 'taken', &c.: note on i. 2. 48.

246. **wafture.** The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

250. **humour.** There were supposed to be four 'humours', *i.e.* forms of moisture, in the body. When these were present in due proportion, all was well: but the excess or defect of any of them produced disorder. These four humours—Blood, Phlegm, Choler, Melancholy—were supposed to be derived from the four 'elements', Air, Water, Fire, and Earth.

254. **condition,** temper; so frequently: cf. line 236, note.

255. **Dear my lord.** In addressing people, the possessive adjective was often treated as coalescing with the substantive, and the epithet preceded. This is especially common with 'my lord'. Instances, however, occur where the adjective precedes, without any such explanation (*e.g.* "sweet our Queen")—perhaps from a false analogy.

256. **your cause of grief,** the cause of your grief.

261. **physical,** wholesome. Cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 5. 19, "The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me".

262. **unbraced.** So in i. 3. 48, Cassius walked "unbraced". See i. 2. 267, note.

283. **in sort,** in a manner, *i.e.* only after a fashion.

295. **Cato,** M. Portius Cato, who is the proverbial type of antique Roman virtue in an age of moral decay.

308. **charactery,** writing. Cf. *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 77, "Fairies use flowers for their charactery".

311. **Ligarius.** "Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, but Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger of his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy." (North.)

313. **Vouchsafe**, vouchsafe to receive. Cf. *King John*, iii. 1. 293, "our prayers come in If thou vouchsafe them".

315. **kerchief.** Cf. Northumberland, in *2 Henry IV.* i. 1. 147—

> "hence, thou sickly quoif!
> Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
> Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit".

318. For the scansion of this line see Appendix A, § 3 (iv).

319. **Had you**, an incorrect consecution of tenses; there is really an ellipse of 'which I would tell you of'.

324. **mortified**, dead. Brutus has recalled him to life, as an exorcist calls the spirits of the dead to earth again.

331. **To whom it must be done.** The clause is an extension of the clause *what it is*, which is the direct object of the verb; and is like the A. V. "know thee who thou art".

Scene 2.

It is clear that Cæsar is really uneasy at the omens and portents, but will not confess so much even to himself. He seems to have arrived at a half-belief in his own superiority to the dangers of ordinary men, and a real contempt for the fear of death; combined with a feeling that there is danger in the air.

The difference in the attitude of Calpurnia to Cæsar and of Portia to Brutus is very marked.

night-gown, dressing-gown.

1. **have been** in strict grammar should be 'has been', the two subjects being connected by a disjunctive conjunction.

6. **opinions.** Cf. "behaviours", i. 2. 42, for the use of a plural where we should probably use the singular.

13. **stood on**, insisted on, made much of; so very frequently.

ceremonies, superstitious ideas, as in ii. 1. 197.

14-16. **There is one...recounts.** The omission of the relative is common.

19. **fought.** Ff. *fight.* Dyce's correction; probable, because of the cacophony with *right* in the next line.

25. **use**, custom.

27. **Whose end**, purpose, object. There is a suggestion of a kind of fatalism which is old as Homer—which considers that the gods arrange a certain number of inevitable events, and leave humanity to settle minor matters. 'We can avoid things which are not among the inevitable decrees.' Line 36 would seem to imply that in Cæsar's view the hour of a man's death is among the things foredoomed.

38. to stir forth, a case where the *to* as sign of the infinitive may be inserted or omitted at pleasure. Cf. i. 1. 3, "ought not walk", note.

76. Calpurnia's dream in Plutarch was, "that Cæsar was slain and she had him in her arms".

statua. The Folios always print *statue*; but the word was clearly pronounced indifferently as dissyllable or trisyllable; therefore in the latter cases *statua* has been adopted.

80. portents, always accented on the second syllable; otherwise one might be inclined to omit *and*. See Appendix A, § 7 (iv), § 5 (i), § 6 (i).

89. cognizance, memorial. The reference is clearly to the practice, familiar after the numerous executions under the houses of York and Tudor, of dipping handkerchiefs in the blood of popular heroes. The explanation, however, is rather unfortunate from the point of view of Decius.

96. a mock. The substantive has fallen out of use except in the phrase 'make mock' or 'make a mock'.

103. proceeding. We should use the plural 'proceedings'. 'Fortunate' is understood as commonly 'luck' = 'good luck'.

104. liable, accordant with; not 'subject to' as Schmidt takes it. Decius does not mean that his love overmasters reason, but that his love and reason are agreed.

114. strucken. This form occurs again iii. 1. 209, "a deer, strucken by many princes".

119. to be: gerund, 'for being'. Cf. note on ii. 1. 135.

129. yearns, grieves: not connected with *yearn* = 'desire'. See Glossary.

Scene 3.

"And one Artemidorus, also born in the Ile of Gnidos, a doctor of Rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certaine of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practises against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill written with his owne hand of all that he meant to tell him." (*North's Plutarch.*)

The only hint of the conspiracy having been suspected by anyone is given by Artemidorus, except the enigmatical remark of Popilius at iii. 1. 12. The incident of Artemidorus is taken direct from Plutarch; its dramatic value lies in its answering the question how far such a wide conspiracy could have been conducted without raising some sort of suspicion.

7, 8. thou...you. *Thou* is generally used in passages of strong emotion; in addressing a recognized superior, or a recognized inferior; or between very familiar companions. *You* is the ordinary form in addressing equals, at any rate in prose. These are, however, mere general rules, not at all strictly adhered to. But the mixture of 'thou' and 'you' is not common; and here perhaps 'look about thee' would be preferable.

8. security, confidence, not 'safety'. Cf. *Judges*, viii. 11, "And Gideon...smote the host; for the host was secure".

9. lover: often in Shakespeare only a rather warmer word than 'friend'. It is used twice by Brutus in his speech, iii. 2.

14. Out of the teeth. The modern idiom would be 'can only live in the teeth of emulation'.

15, 16. For the couplet concluding the scene cf. i. 2. 325, note.

16. contrive, conspire. Cf. ii. 1. 58, "a shrewd contriver".

Scene 4.

For the way in which Portia's perturbation shows itself, Steevens quotes a like forgetfulness in *Richard III.* iv. 4. 444—

"Dull, unmindful villain!
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him".

6. constancy. 'Loyalty to my trust' would be the modern rendering; but Shakespeare may have meant no more than 'firmness', as often.

18. Note how suggestive is the sound of this line.

rumour, confused noise. See Glossary and cf. *King John*, v. 4. 45, "bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the field".

21. *Enter Soothsayer.* Tyrwhitt proposed to substitute *Artemidorus*. The part might be assigned to him, as it is not implied that he knew more than that certain definite people were not to be trusted. Moreover, the Soothsayer had no 'suit' to Cæsar (27), and Artemidorus had. Still, there is hardly enough ground for deserting the text. It may be doubted if Portia would have addressed Artemidorus as 'fellow', though he is 'the fellow' to Cæsar (iii. 1. 10).

23. the ninth hour, *i.e.* nine o'clock. Shakespeare reckoned the time in modern fashion. The Romans, however, divided the period of daylight into twelve 'hours' from sunrise to sunset.

24. Is Cæsar...gone. With verbs of motion, 'to be' is often the auxiliary, as in modern French; cf. iii. 2. 11, "The noble Brutus is ascended".

31. **any harm 's**, any harm that is. The relative is often omitted.

40. For scansion see Appendix A, § 6 (vi).

Act III.—Scene I.

This is the central scene of the play. Cæsar is apparently the only person unconscious of the tremendous tension at the opening—a tension which never slackens till the end of the act.

8. Cæsar's dignity occasionally verges on the pompous and bombastic, but this has the true imperial ring.

17. **discovered.** The final *-ed* is pronounced as a separate syllable or not, according to convenience. So we have "banishéd" in 44, and "banish'd" in 51.

18. For scansion see Appendix A, § 6 (vi).

22. **constant**: not 'loyal', for his loyalty is above suspicion; but 'firm', 'unmoved'. Cf. note on "constancy", ii. 4. 6.

28. **presently**, immediately; softened in modern use into 'before long'. 'Anon'=*on an*, 'in one moment,' has been similarly softened.

29. **address'd**, ready; so frequently.

32. **Cæsar and his senate.** The fact that the Senate was Cæsar's instrument was not so galling to the bookish republicans like Brutus as his assuming that it was so; just as it was the idea of the coronation which shocked them more than the actual power. Cæsar's phrase is an apt spur to hesitation on their part.

36. **courtesies**, the act of bending (for which the variant *curtsey* has been appropriated, with a limitation of sense). This meaning is common in Shakespeare, and is very marked at line 43.

38. **And turn**, turn what is predestined and decreed from the beginning into laws as subject to change as children's rules; that is, 'they are as likely to do that as to affect me, because I am not an ordinary man'.

first decree. Craik's conjecture *fixt* is tempting.

39. **fond**, foolish; **fond to think**=so fond as to think. Both 'so' and 'as' are often omitted: cf. iii. 2. 125; iv. 3. 270.

40, 41. **such ... That.** Cf. note on i. 2. 33.

47, 48. The reading of the text is that of the early editions. Ben Jonson, however, quotes Cæsar's answer as follows (in the *Discoveries*): "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause", as an instance of Shakespeare being betrayed into an absurdity by carelessness, and he refers to the blunder in the *Staple of News*, to ridicule it. But he quotes the words as given in answer to some one saying,

"Cæsar, thou dost me wrong". Now the mistake is a perfectly possible one, the writer thinking of 'wrong' in the sense of 'harm', not 'injustice' (as 'injury' might be used). But this was not the sort of blunder that the printers were likely to correct. I believe, then, (1) that Shakespeare first wrote the lines much as Jonson gives them, and they were so given on the stage; but that (2) circumstances called his attention to the absurdity, and so he corrected the MS.; and that we are fairly entitled to consider that Shakespeare, not the printer, gave the text its present form; while Ben Jonson may have been quite unaware of the change. For he manifestly quoted from memory, not with the text before him; and, as he himself says in another part of the *Discoveries*, his memory "was wont to be faithful to me; but, shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much".

The case for Jonson's part-authorship in this play rests on a few coincidences of diction—a principle on which one can attribute nearly any work to nearly any author. The present passage, taken with Jonson's remarks on it, seems fairly decisive. And whether Jonson would have passed 'Decius' Brutus may be questioned.

54. **freedom of repeal**, free recall.

57. **enfranchisement**, full restoration of the rights of citizenship.

59. 'Being too high to pray to anyone, I am also too firm to be moved by the prayers of others.' Note the stress on *me*, marked by the scansion of the line, as on "him" in ii. 1. 141, 181, and 183.

65. **hold his place**, keep an unchanging position in the firmament.

67. **apprehensive**, capricious. See Glossary.

70. **Unshaked.** For the form cf. i. 3. 6, note on "rived".

75. **Doth not.** So Fol. 1; Fol. 2, *Do not*, followed by Johnson, because M. Brutus would not have knelt, and Decius was also a Brutus. But Decius is never elsewhere addressed or referred to as 'Brutus'.

77. **Et tu, Brute.** The phrase does not come from Plutarch or any classical authority. Its source is unknown.

81. **enfranchisement.** Cf. line 57; but here it is implied that no one could be a fully enfranchised citizen while Cæsar ruled.

84. **the pulpit**, *i.e.* the rostra.

92. Note this speech as indicative of the gentler side of Cassius' character; which is elsewhere hardly allowed to appear except in his very strong affection for Brutus, until act v.

94. **abide**, aby, pay for. See Glossary.

95. **But we**: should be, 'but us'. With personal pronouns, however, such irregularity—and the converse—is far from rare. Cf. i. 3. 76, note.

97. **wives**, 'women' generally. Now so used only in such compound forms as 'house-wife', and locally.

100. **stand upon**, make much of; as in ii. 2. 13, "I never stood on ceremonies".

101. *Casca*. Pope altered to *Cassius*, and has been followed in the *Globe* edition. It would not be inappropriate for either Cassius or Casca. But it is worth while to recall the very different sentiment to which Cæsar has himself given expression—

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once".

121. **most boldest**. The double superlative occurs several times, as does the double comparative; *e.g.* the familiar "how much more elder art thou than thy looks"; and "This was the most unkindest cut of all".

123-137. Note that Antony never commits himself to more than that he will be friends with the conspirators provided they make their case good.

131. **be resolved**, satisfied; so often.

136. **Thorough**. *Through* and *thorough* are the same word, the *o* merely representing the indefinite sound coming between a liquid and a previous consonant, as in 'fillip' for 'flip'. Conversely we have 'throughly' for 'thoroughly'. Cf. Appendix A, § 6 (iv). The different spellings ultimately were appropriated to the different uses, as with 'metal' and 'mettle', 'queen' and 'quean'.

138, 139. Observe, again, how readily Brutus accepts the honesty of anyone who compliments him judiciously. Until now he had invariably spoken of Antony in terms of contempt.

140. **so please him come**. This phrase contains two elliptical forms. The full sentence would be: 'If it be so that it please him to come'. For the omission of *to* before the infinitive cf. note on i. 1. 3, "ought not walk". *So* is frequently used in this way, especially in the phrase 'so please you' = 'if it please you'.

143. **to friend**, as a friend. Cf. *Cymbeline*, i. 4. 118, "Had I admittance and opportunity to friend".

145. **my misgiving, &c.**, my suspicions are not often ill-grounded.

146. **shrewdly**, sharply and unpleasantly. So a 'shrewd wit' is a 'biting wit': "the air bites shrewdly" when it is "a nipping and an eager air". See Glossary.

148. Antony's speeches require particularly close attention throughout. They abound in 'irony' in the sense that their superficial meaning, intended for the conspirators, is different from what the same words would convey to one who knew what Antony's designs were: a meaning which a slight intonation would at once convey even to the unsuspecting Brutus. There is nothing for the most suspicious to catch hold of, and yet there is no phrase inconsistent with his subsequent action. Here, he is feeling his way —not as to his ultimate course, which is decided, but to see how far he can make the conspirators unconscious instruments in his own hands. Cassius, who alone knows that the man they are dealing with is "a shrewd contriver", is not deceived, but is completely baffled in the attempt to make Brutus see with his own acuteness.

Note especially the skill with which Antony frankly assumes the rôle of a great admirer of Cæsar who has received a severe shock: thereby disarming suspicion and getting credit for being perfectly open when his hidden meaning is most sinister.

152. **be let blood**: in full, 'let forth blood'; the abbreviated form is common in 'to let blood', but in no other phrase. In the expression to 'let him blood' or 'let him forth blood', blood is the direct object, and 'him' is like 'me' in "plucked me ope his doublet" (i. 2. 267), corresponding to the Greek or Latin 'ethic' dative. Hence the passive form, 'I am let blood' is incorrect, strictly speaking, though 'I am let to bleed' would be correct.

rank, *i.e.* requiring to be cut down.

154. **nor no instrument.** The double negative is habitual.

155. **that...as.** Cf. i. 2. 33, "that gentleness...as," note.

157. **bear me hard, bear a grudge against me.** Cf. i. 2. 317, note.

160. **apt**, ready.

161. **mean.** We should use the plural form 'means'.

171. **as fire drives out fire.** Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 46, "Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning". For scansion see Appendix A, § 6 (viii). The idea recurs in *King John*, iii. 1. 277, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4. 192.

174. Steevens explains most unsatisfactorily "our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have wrought, yet...". But Brutus would never have called it a 'deed of malice'. Beyond doubt, the line as it stands is corrupt. (1) Capell proposed *no strength* for *in strength*, with (;) at *malice*. (2) Collier suggests that *welcōe* written for 'welcome' might easily have been read 'malice'; a very attractive emendation.

177. Cassius, regarding Antony as a "shrewd contriver", at once appeals to his interest to secure his support, having been overruled

in the desire to remove him. Brutus thinks of him as the friend who must be reasoned into forgiveness.

192. **conceit**=conceive. Cf. note on i. 3. 162, and Glossary.

196. **dearer**, more dearly. The adjective used for the adverb is very common; see Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 1.

204. **bay'd**, brought to bay.

205. **hunters.** Cf. ii. 1. 174—

> "Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
> Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds",

and the note there. There is a certain irony in the way in which every aspiration, every finer desire, with which Brutus entered on the conspiracy is falsified in the result.

206. **Sign'd in thy spoil**, bearing the stains of your blood as the insignia of their craft; as the working men in i. 1 were told that they should carry the 'signs' of their trade. *Spoil* may perhaps have been a technical term; but it seems rather to mean 'blood', from a natural extension of the common use of the word for 'destruction'. It can hardly mean 'spoils'.

lethe (First Fol. *Lethee*) has never been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it stands for 'death', as 'lethal' is used for 'deadly'. Steevens quotes Heywood's *Iron Age*, ii. 1632—

> "The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd
> Is now extinct in lethe".

Capell says *lethe* is a technical term for the deer's life-blood, but no instance has been offered. Is there any confusion with *Lethe*, the name of one of the rivers of the infernal regions?

208. **heart.** For the play upon words cf. i. 2. 156, "Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough", and note.

209. **strucken.** For the form cf. ii. 2. 114, "Cæsar, 't is strucken eight".

213. **modesty**, moderation; so frequently.

216. **prick'd**, marked on the list. Cf. iv. i. 1.

224. **regard**, consideration; *i.e.* 'our reasons are so well weighed'.

235. Brutus, as usual, entirely convinced of the reasonableness of his own position, assumes that he has only to state it clearly to his neighbours to convince them likewise; while he never doubts that his fellow conspirators were swayed by precisely the same considerations. Cassius knows that there are other lights in which the proceedings may be looked at.

252. Observe how studiously Antony subsequently keeps to the letter of his engagement, until his formal funeral address is over, and he has descended from the rostra.

257. the tide of times: (1) the set course of time (Johnson; Schmidt); (2) the waves of successive generations (Mr. Beeching, apparently); (3) amid the ebb and flow of fortune, with a thought of the sudden reverse which had befallen: this seems to me the best rendering; for the idea cf. iv. 3. 218, "There is a tide in the affairs of men"; (4) *tide*=time, season; and the expression is merely pleonastic. This is possible, but not probable.

262. the limbs of men. If the reading be correct, the obvious meaning is that there will be civil war, and the limbs of combatants (and non-combatants, as in line 267) will suffer. Men will be treated precisely as Cæsar has been. It is a part of the general picture of bloodshed to come. But there is a certain clumsiness about the phrase which we hardly expect of Antony, and which has led commentators to suggest *lives* (Johnson) and *sons* (Grant-White), which would be an improvement; as well as *kind*, *line*, *loins*, *tombs*, *minds*—which would not. If the reading is wrong, it seems more likely that some such phrase as 'the limbs of Rome' was the original—a quite familiar metaphor, but one which may have puzzled a printer with a turn for emendation.

271. Ate, the goddess of discord in general, and revenge in particular.

273. Cry "Havoc". The phrase occurs in *King John* and in *Coriolanus.* It is equivalent to 'no quarter'.

let slip, the technical word for letting greyhounds go.

the dogs of war. Cf. *Henry V.* Prologue i. 6—

> "at his heels,
> Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
> Crouch for employment".

274. That: for 'so that'.

289. Rome. The play on 'room' is suggested again.

Scene 2.

The effect of Antony's speeches in this scene derives great additional force from the contrast with Brutus. The dignity of the latter and his moral weight (not his reasoning, which the mob fail to follow) produce their own effect; but Antony appeals to the popular emotions entirely, and Brutus' reliance on the reasonableness of his audience is naturally and completely falsified.

The student may find an attempt to distinguish character in the separate citizens interesting.

11. is ascended. As in modern French, 'to be' is often the auxiliary with verbs of motion. Cf. ii. 4. 24, "Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?"

12. Observe the formal balance of phrase against phrase throughout Brutus' speech, as if it was constructed according to the best rules. The result is a complete absence of spontaneity.

13. **lovers**, friends. Cf. ii. 3. 9 and note.

16. **censure**, estimate, judge. The word does not, as with us, imply adverse judgment. Cf. *Sonnet* cxlviii.—

> "O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
> Which have no correspondence with true sight!
> Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
> That *censures* falsely what they see aright?
> If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
> What means the world, to say it is not so?"

25. **to live.** The construction here is doubtful. Either 'so as' is omitted (for which cf. iii. 1. 40, "Be not fond to think", &c.) or *to live* is parallel to "and die", in which case cf. i. 1. 3, note on "ought not walk", when this would be an instance of the omission and insertion of *to* in the same sentence; just as 'that' is first omitted and then inserted in this sentence.

29. **There is tears.** A singular verb with plural subject is common in Shakespeare, and if the Folio readings are accepted, much more so than the ordinary texts show. This may be due to a survival of the plural inflexions in *-eth* (S. English) and *-es* (N. English), as Dr. Abbott thinks (*Sh. Gr.* §§ 247 and 332–338). The instances retained by the *Globe* editors, however, may usually be explained (1) as here, by the verb being spoken before its subject is decided; (2) by the intervention of a singular word between verb and subject; (3) by the subject being a relative whose precise antecedent is forgotten; (4) by the plural subject conveying a single idea, and being equivalent to a noun of multitude—&c. &c. But that usage was exceedingly loose in the matter may be shown by indubitable examples outside of Shakespeare to which no such 'explanations' apply.

33. **rude**, unpolished.

42. **enrolled**, recorded.

47. **in the commonwealth**, restored to existence by the death of Cæsar. While he lived, no one had 'a place in the commonwealth'; all were merely Cæsar's bondmen—in the phrase of Cassius.

56. This is an interesting commentary on the mob's capacity for reasoning.

66. **spoke.** For the form cf. i. 2. 48, note on "mistook".

70. **beholding.** This form for 'beholden' is almost universal in the Folios.

78–257. Antony's speeches cannot be too carefully studied. To begin with, the mob whom he is addressing are all in favour of

Brutus—nothing against him would have a hearing. It is by appealing to their old affection for Cæsar, while studiously expressing, by tones as well as words, admiration for the hero of the moment, that Antony brings them into sympathy with himself. Not till this is accomplished, and he feels that he has his hearers thoroughly in hand, does he give the ironical turn to his complimentary phrases (at line 129). At that point the mask is dropped, but the words are still in literal accord with his compact with Brutus (iii. 1. 251). When he descends from the rostra, his part in the "order of the funeral" is over, and there is no pretence of his words being favourable to the conspirators; the complimentary phrases are merely fuel added to the flames. But from first to last it is passionate emotions to which he appeals; not as an academic debater like Brutus, but as an orator who seeks not to convince but to excite.

"Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it." (*North's Plutarch.*)

100. **on the Lupercal**, *i.e.* at the festival of the Lupercal (cf. i. 1. 72). It has been curiously supposed that Shakespeare thought the *Lupercal* was a hill, from this passage. But the earlier passage seems decisive.

108. **withholds you...to mourn**: for 'from mourning'—infinitive for gerund. Cf. ii. 1. 135, and note on "to think".

109. This sentence is a test of the extent to which the audience are secured.

113. The citizens hardly seem to be conscious of any change of front on their own part.

115. **Has he, masters?** The scansion is awkward, though it might be paralleled. But it is not easy to see the point of the phrase. It reads as if questioning Antony's position—a sense contradicted by the next line, especially when compared with 121. Either 'that has he' or 'has he not' would satisfy both the sense and the scansion; nor would such a printer's error be difficult, while 'Ay has he' (written 'I') would make a printer's error easier still. See Appendix A, § 7 (v). Pope proposed to insert—by way of explaining Ben Jonson's quotation, which others place at iii. 1. 47 (where see note)—in the mouth of 3rd Cit., "Cæsar had never wrong, but with just cause".

119. **abide it**, pay for it. See Glossary, and note on iii. 1. 94, "let no man abide this deed, but we the doers".

125. **so poor to do**: 'as' omitted. Cf. iii. 1. 39, "Be not fond to think".

138. **dip their napkins.** Cf. ii. 2. 89, note.

147. Compare the very contradictory remark addressed to the same populace, i. 1. 40.

148, 149. **hearing the will of Cæsar, It will...** This duplicated subject, one being a clause, is the complement of the duplicated object in such a phrase as 'I know thee who thou art'. Neither is rare.

154. **to tell you,** in telling you. Cf. line 108, and ii. 1. 135, note.

171. **far off,** *i.e.* farther.

178–201. Antony had been carefully drawn aside, and was not present at the scene of assassination. His whole description is imaginary. Observe that in this speech "envious", "cruel", "bloody", and "traitors" are no longer repressed. This is not "in the order of the funeral".

177. **the Nervii.** Antony refers to a battle in the Gallic wars in which Cæsar and his army had a narrow escape from annihilation, but finally by conspicuous and desperate courage achieved a brilliant victory. Hence the peculiar art in reminding the populace of it at the moment. The Belgæ were the most warlike of the Gauls, and the Nervii were the best of the Belgæ.

183. **resolved,** satisfied; so frequently.

185. This close friendship of Cæsar and Brutus has no authority. It is doubtless the result of a confusion between M. Brutus and Decimus Brutus (cf. note on ii. 1. 203). M. Brutus had been a Pompeian, and was received into grace by Cæsar, but not as an intimate.

angel, attendant guardian spirit; like "genius", ii. 1. 66.

187. **the most unkindest.** Cf. "The most boldest and best hearts of Rome", iii. 1. 121, and note.

198. **dint,** stroke. See Glossary.

199. **what, weep you.** The Folio reading *what weep you* is very likely right (cf. "What need we any further witness?" and note at ii. 1. 123, "What need we any spur?"). The change is Pope's.

225. **wit,** Second Fol.; *writ,* First Fol. Johnson and Malone defend the latter in the sense of 'written speech'. Malone says that 'I have no wit' would mean 'I have no intelligence'—a literal interpretation which would make 'I have no words' mean 'I am dumb'. And it is at best doubtful whether 'writ' *could* mean 'written speech'.

247. **drachmas.** The amount of 75 drachmas is given by Plutarch. The actual value it is not possible to compute, because (1) the comparative purchasing power of a given weight of silver in Rome as against the present day cannot be stated; (2) *drachma* is a Greek term, and the drachmæ of different Greek states had different values. Speaking roughly, however, the drachma was likely to be

about half of the Roman *denarius*, or coin worth ten 'asses', and the 'as' was worth about 1 lb. weight of copper. In later times, however, the 'denarius' and 'drachma' were treated as about equivalent, being worth about as much as a 'franc', *i.e.* 9½*d*. Plutarch's 'drachma' was probably given as equivalent to 'denarius' (as by Pliny).

254. **On this side Tiber.** Shakespeare follows North's mistranslation. The gardens in Plutarch were transtiburtine; in North, "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his arbours and gardens unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber".

271. **upon a wish,** pat to my wish; like "upon the word", i. 2. 104.

274. **rid,** an instance of the inclination to drop the inflexional *-en*, though 'rode' would accord better with the ordinary analogy (i. 2. 48, note). But cf. "writ" for 'written', iv. 3. 183.

275. **notice of the people, How,** relative clause, amplifying the noun, as in "I know thee who thou art".

Scene 3.

Taken from Plutarch, "There was a poet called Cinna ... and because some called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place".

2. **unluckily,** ominously. There is no precise parallel, but I doubt if there is sufficient ground for changing the text, as proposed by Warburton, to *unlucky*.

13. **you were best,** it were best for you. Properly, an impersonal construction, *you* being dative. This being misunderstood, the erroneous personal construction, 'I were best', instead of 'me were best', came into general adoption. Cf. 'if you please', which was originally ≃ 'if it please you', Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* §§ 230, 352.

20. **you 'll bear me a bang.** The ethic dative = 'on my behalf', like "plucked me ope his doublet" (i. 2. 267). Dr. Abbott, however, seems to differentiate. (*Sh. Gr.* § 220.)

Act IV.—Scene 1.

In Rome. That this was intended is proved by line 11. Plutarch, however, in the 'life of Antony' says the triumvirs met "in an iland environed round about with a little river"; specified in the 'life of Cicero' as "by the city of Bolonia". "Some say that Cæsar stucke hard with Cicero the first two daies, but at the third that he yealded and forsooke him. The exchange they agreed upon betweene them

was this. Cæsar forsooke Cicero: Lepidus his own brother Paulus; and Antonius Lucius Cæsar his uncle by the mother's side."

4. **Publius**, evidently a slip for *Lucius*. Shakespeare has, moreover, inverted the relationships. See note above.

6. **damn**, condemn. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1. 24, "Perform't, or else we damn thee".

9. **charge**, expense.

11. **Or...or, either...or.** There are some peculiarities in these two last acts; a recurrence of this form; a frequent use of *Cassius* as a trisyllable; &c.

12. **slight**, worthless. In iv 3. 37 Brutus seems to use the term rather of Cassius' physical proportions.

unmeritable, 'undeserving' instead of 'undeserved'. For the passive form with active meaning, cf. ii. 1. 134, note on "insuppressive".

23. **Either**, slurred and pronounced as a monosyllable, like 'whether' and 'whither' several times. Cf. i. 1. 66, note.

26. **empty**, unladen.

27. In *Antony and Cleopatra* (iii. 6. 32) it is Octavius who acts on the suggestion which Antony makes here, but on the ground that Lepidus was "grown too cruel".

32. **wind**, turn. Cf. in the active sense *1 Henry IV.* iv. 1. 109, "To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus".

directly on, straight forward.

34. **in some taste**, in some sort; as we might say, 'he has a touch or taste of resemblance'.

37. **abjects, orts.** Staunton's conjecture for *objects*, *arts*, of the Ff., which can hardly be retained. *Abjects* and *orts* are 'cast-off scraps'.

40. **a property**, *i.e.* a chattel or tool, not a responsible person.

41. **Listen great things.** For *listen* used transitively = hear, cf. v. 5. 15, "List a word".

44. Scansion and sense show that this line is corrupt. There is no emendation which is at all convincing. 'Our best friends made secure, our means stretched out' would be fairly satisfactory.

46. **disclosed**, discovered; not 'published', as in modern use.

48. **at the stake.** Metaphor from bear-baiting.

49. **bay'd about.** Cf. iii. 1. 204, "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart".

Scene 2.

The whole account of the dissension at Sardis is taken with very little change from Plutarch.

Enter Brutus, Lucilius, &c. Apparently Lucilius and Titinius should change places, as it is Lucilius who has come from Cassius.

2. As Titinius should be with Brutus, it is probably he who should give the word of command, not Lucilius.

6. **He greets me well.** A formal acknowledgment of the salutation; the precise meaning of *well* in the context is unimportant. Probably it is intentionally vague.

7. **In his own change,** because of some change in himself. However, it is doubtful whether Brutus would have made such a suggestion to Pindarus, and perhaps we should read 'charge'; *i.e.* 'by orders which he has issued himself, or by the misconduct of subordinates'.

10. **be satisfied,** have a sufficient explanation.

16. **familiar instances,** marks of familiarity. Cf. i. 2. 9, "sterile curse" = 'curse of sterility'.

23. **hot at hand,** *i.e.* in hand, when held in.

26. **fall,** let fall, lower. So *Troilus and Cressida,* i. 3. 379, of Achilles, "make him fall his crest".

41. **be content,** be quiet. Cf. *Measure for Measure,* ii. 2. 79—

> "Be you content, fair maid;
> It is the law, not I, condemn your brother".

46. **enlarge.** We should rather say 'enlarge upon'.

50. According to the text, Lucilius, an officer, and Pindarus, a servant, are sent to give orders to the troops; and Titinius, an officer, and Lucius, a servant, are told off to guard the doors. We should naturally be inclined to exchange the duties of Titinius and Pindarus: but (1) the scansion does not favour the change; (2) the scansion does favour exchanging Lucilius and Lucius (reading 'Lucilius' for *let Lucius*; cf. note on sc. 3. 126); (3) a slip in writing or printing the names of Lucius and Lucilius is comparatively easy; (4) Titinius is under Brutus, not Cassius; Pindarus is the latter's servant, and would naturally be sent to give a message to the commanders; and Lucius might similarly be sent with orders to officers; not of course to give an order to the troops. But perhaps it would hardly be justifiable to alter the text.

Scene 3.

"Before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly assuring one another, and at length both fell a-weeping." (*North's Plutarch.*)

2. **noted**, stigmatized; not so used elsewhere; but it is the sense of the Latin *notare*. Shakespeare, however, took the word here straight out of North, "The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person". The first 26 lines of this scene are taken direct from Plutarch, only at once condensed and glorified.

8. **nice**, trivial. See Glossary.

10. **to have**, for having, infin. for gerund. Cf. ii. 1. 135, note.

11. **mart**: rarely used as a verb by Shakespeare; and never by us, though we so use 'market', which is exactly analogous.

13. **speak**. Ff. *speaks*; but the Folio printers favoured this particular kind of misprint (cf. note on iii. 2. 29); and both grammar and euphony are better served by Pope's correction.

16. **chastisement**. In the following lines Brutus seems distinctly to be expressing contempt for Cassius' physical capacities; a fact which recalls the bitter way in which Cassius held up the infirmities of Cæsar to scorn—i. 2. 98 and following lines.

18. The argument is, 'if for the sake of justice we did such a deed, how can we use the result to deal unjustly for our own profit?'

25. **the mighty space**, &c., 'our honours, which are so vast a possession', contrasted with the mere handful of gold.

27. **bay**, 'bark at', not 'bring to bay' as before, iii. 1. 204.

28. **bay**. Ff. *bait*. The emendation is Theobald's, and is a too obvious improvement to be rejected.

30–40. "Brutus most commonly went first unto him [Cassius], both because he was the elder man, as also for that he was sickly of body. And men reputed him commonly to be very skilful in wars, but otherwise marvellous choleric." (*North's Plutarch.*)

37. **slight man**. Cf. note above, and iv. 1. 12.

38. **your health**, your well-being.

47. **spleen**. We still talk of *spleen* metaphorically as the seat of angry emotion; in the old writers it was regarded as the seat of emotion generally.

55 *foll.* Cassius is making a desperate effort to govern his temper, not from fear, for he never shows any sign of cowardiee, but because of his personal affection for Brutus. This is another example of the immense extent to which Cassius is swayed by purely personal feeling; as shown in the whole tone of his attack on Cæsar in i. 2.

72, 73. **I had rather coin ... than to wring**. *To* omitted and then inserted in the same sentence. Cf. note on i. 1. 3, "ought not walk".

75. **indirection,** crooked course. 'Indirect', like 'crooked', is often used with an implication of 'dishonourable'.

80. **rascal.** Properly, a technical term for a deer out of condition; so applied as a substantive or adjective of reproach.

69 *foll.* The reference is probably to an appeal Brutus made to Cassius for money, "whereof C. had great store", when "Cassius' friends hindered this request and earnestly dissuaded him....This notwithstanding, Cassius gave him the third part of this total sum". (*North's Plutarch.*)

85. **rived.** The form 'riven' is now always used. But cf. i. 3. 6, note.

96. **his brother.** Cf. ii. 1. 70, "Sir, 't is your brother Cassius", and note.

102. **Dearer,** worth more.

Plutus, the god of wealth.

108. **it shall,** *i.e.* your anger.

109. **shall be humour,** shall be reckoned as distempered humour.

124. *Poet.* "One Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion; he would needs come into the chamber." (*North's Plutarch.*)

126. *Lucil.* So the First Folio; which is in favour of the alteration suggested in sc. 2. 50 and 52, note, making Lucilius guard the door.

131. "This Phaonius...came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer—

> 'My lords I pray you hearken both to me,
> For I have seen mo years than suchie three'.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him, but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog, and counterfeit Cynic. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time." (*North's Plutarch.*)

133. **cynic,** the term used in North, referring to the school of philosophy so called.

137. **jigging,** rhyming. "A jig signified in our author's time a metrical composition as well as a dance." (Malone.)

155. **That tidings.** In Shakespeare *tidings* is treated as a singular word as often as plural.

155. **distract,** distracted. With many verbs ending in *-t* or *-te,* especially of Latin derivation, the terminal *-ed* of the participle was dropped. Cf. "incorporate", i. 3. 135. (See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 342.) 'Acquit', 'contract', 'degenerate', 'infect', &c. &c., are thus found.

156. **swallow'd fire.** Plutarch describes her as having taken "hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself".

165. **call in question,** bring forward for discussion.

177. **seventy:** "two hundred" in Plutarch.

183. **Nor nothing:** the double negative, as often.

writ. For this form of the past participle cf. note on "rid", iii. 2. 273.

190. Brutus' reason for making this display of self-control, and pretending that the news of Portia's death was perfectly fresh to him, is obscure.

191. **once,** some time or other; so *2 Henry IV.* v. 3. 64, "I hope to see London once ere I die".

194, 195. 'I have learnt as well as you how it should be done, but I lack the natural strength to carry my knowledge into practice as you do.' Imperturbability was aimed at by the Epicureans (as Cassius was) as much as by Stoics (like Brutus).

196. **our work alive,** *i.e.* which has to do with the living.

209. **new-added,** newly added to.

220. **Omitted,** neglected.

224. **ventures,** vessels of merchandise, or merchandise on board ship. The word occurs continually in this sense in the *Merchant of Venice.*

228. **niggard,** treat in a niggardly manner. There is no parallel to this use of the word.

231. **farewell.** Either the line is too much broken with pauses for scansion to be observed, or *farewell* is a trisyllable. See Appendix A, § 6 (viii).

237. For scansion see Appendix A, § 6 (vi).

241. **knave,** boy, servant. The sinister meaning grew into it, just as 'valet' became 'varlet'. See Glossary.

o'erwatched, worn out with watching.

247. **raise,** rouse.

250. Note the characteristic consideration for his neighbours which marks Brutus, and is especially displayed in this scene as a preliminary to the ghostly reminder that Cæsar's blood was on his hands.

252. **book,** an anachronism, as Shakespeare was thinking of a book in the modern shape instead of in rolls.

255. **much forgetful.** *Much* for 'very' is common, *e.g. 2 Henry IV.* 4. iv. 11, "Now I am much ill".

268. mace. The epithet *murderous* above (266) seems to imply that the mace is a *weapon*; but it is used for sceptre, *Henry V.* iv. 1. 278, "The sword, the mace, the crown imperial". The two theories would be harmonized by taking it as a 'magic wand'.

270. so much wrong to. For omission of 'as', cf. note on iii. 1. 39.

274. *Ghost of Cæsar.* The story of the vision is based on Plutarch, but there no suggestion is made that the spirit which appeared was that of Cæsar. There it is "a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look", "a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body", which on being interrogated said, "I am thy ill angel, Brutus. Thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes". It would be an interesting question for the curious, to settle why Shakespeare should have identified this "ill angel" with the shade of Cæsar. Brutus does not seem to do so here, but at v. 5. 18 he clearly does. But one may note for comparison that the shades of their victims appear to various Shakespearian characters, but not spirits (except the peculiar spirits of *The Tempest*) pure and simple. I should suggest as a plausible, but by no means conclusive hypothesis, that the appearance of a 'ghost' under such circumstances is natural, simply because it can be rationalized as a phantom of the imagination; but a spirit *not* identified with an individual is less easily conjured up. Shakespeare accepted the story of the vision; but as he was dealing with history and not fairyland, he added the slight modification which removed it from the sphere of the incredible. On the other hand, the feeling that Cæsar's ghost would produce a better stage effect than an indefinite Evil Angel would have been quite enough to justify the modification. Also the intention may have been to suggest that though Cæsar was slain, Cæsarism was not buried with his body. Cf. the discussion of Cæsar's character in the Introduction.—Otherwise the narrative is given just as it is in Plutarch.

280. stare, grow stiff. Cf. *The Tempest*, i. 2. 213, "with hair up-staring". See Glossary.

285, 287. shall...will. There seems to be a difference—the *shall* implying necessity, 'I must see thee', the *will* volition, 'I am willing to see thee'.

Observe throughout how Cassius is the moving spirit in his dealings with Brutus, yet when it comes to a difference of opinion Cassius always gives way. The chief instances are as to bringing Cicero into the conspiracy, as to killing Antony as well as Cæsar, as to allowing Antony free speech, and, in this scene, as to the course to be taken in the war.

Act V.

The whole of act iv. was occupied merely with preparations for the final contest, and has little effect on the action of the piece; the interest turns in it entirely on the special developments of character in the quarrel and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius, and on the episode of Cæsar's ghost, which is effective as impressing the audience with the sense of doom, but does not directly influence the results. Act v. brings the opponents into immediate contact, and the remainder of the play is crowded with action.

Scene I.

Antony and Octavius are never in real harmony. The scenes in which they take part as associates are strongly suggestive of a sequel, which Shakespeare in fact gave in *Antony and Cleopatra*. It must be remembered that Antony was at this time some forty years of age, and Octavius only twenty. But Octavius acts not with the swagger of a boy who fancies himself a man, but with the perfect self-possession and confidence of middle age; he is in fact preternaturally middle-aged; there is a kind of relentless and irresistible force about him which materially influences the feeling that he is, as it were, an incarnate Fate. Antony himself cannot stand against him.

4. **battles:** used where we should employ the kindred word 'battalions'. *Battle* for an army is frequent; used for a *division* of an army, cf. *Macbeth*, v. 6. 4, "Lead our first battle". See also v. 3. 108.

5. **warn us,** summon us. Cf. *Richard III.* i. 3. 39, "sent to warn them to his royal presence".

7. **in their bosoms,** in their confidence. Octavius claims to have been right in his expectation, while Antony was wrong. Antony replies that on the vital point—that the enemy had no real confidence, and were relying merely on brag—he was in fact correct.

10. **fearful bravery,** real fear and assumed bravery. The rest of the passage bears out this interpretation; but Mr. Aldis Wright takes it as 'fear-inspiring display', and is supported by line 13, as well as by the language of *North's Plutarch*, "for bravery and rich furniture Brutus' army far excelled Cæsar's". This sense of 'brave' and 'bravery' is, of course, common; but the collocation of 'fearful' points to an intended contrast between the two words, and the context distinctly favours the other view.

18. **the right hand.** In fact, Octavius led the left wing. Shakespeare inserts this gratuitously to develop his treatment of the character of the two generals. As Brutus was opposed to Octavius in the battle, the dramatist gives Brutus the left wing instead of the right; having already made the deference of Cassius to Brutus sufficiently marked.

19. **exigent**, strait, exigency. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 62—

> "Thou art sworn, Eros,
> That, when the exigent should come...
> Then thou would'st kill me".

20. Octavius does not wrangle, but he takes his own way.

24. **answer**, &c., 'when they make the attack, we will meet it', *i.e.* 'let them commence the battle'.

33. **the posture of your blows**, where you will succeed in planting your blows.

are. Plural verb with singular subject. Not so common as the singular verb with plural subject, but due here to an explanation of the same type as in many of the converse examples—the intervention of a plural word, *thought of* as the subject, between the grammatical subject and the verb.

34. **Hybla**, in Sicily. Classical authors refer to the honey of Hybla, cf. Vergil, *Bucolics*, i. 54, "Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti" ("whose willow-bloom is sipped by Hybla's bees"); and Shakespeare does so, *1 Henry IV.* i. 2. 47, "As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle".

35. **Not stingless too?** The note of interrogation is the suggestion of Delius. Antony means that his words may be sweet, but they carry their sting. The *Globe* text retains the Folio reading without the (?), which seems to make the remark 'stingless'.

41. This description accords with Plutarch, but is imaginative on Antony's part, as he was not present.

like hounds. The words have a reminiscence of "not hew him like a carcass fit for hounds"; cf. ii. 1. 174, note, and Antony's words, iii. 1. 204 and following lines.

44. For scansion see Appendix A, § 5 (v).

60. **honourable**: adj. for adv. Cf. "horrible steep", *Lear*, iv. 6. 3. For the scansion see Appendix A, § 7 (vi).

61. **worthless**, unworthy.

66. **stomachs**, courage, as in *2 Henry IV.* i. 1. 127, "The bloody Douglas ... Gan vail his stomach". An extension of the use of *stomach* meaning 'appetite', and so 'appetite for fighting'.

71. This speech is taken from Plutarch: "Messala, I protest unto thee and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was) to jeopard the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle". The references to the story of the eagles, and to Cassius having touches of superstition in spite of his Epicurean beliefs, are also from Plutarch.

77. **Epicurus.** The two schools of philosophy derived from Plato, which more or less divided the Roman world in such matters, were those of Epicurus and of the Stoics. Cassius is said to have followed the Epicurean school, according to which the gods troubled themselves very little with mortal affairs. The supernatural element in human things being thus practically denied, omens and prodigies were regarded as mere superstitions. Cassius, however, finds his natural superstition getting the better of his rationalistic theories.

80. **former:** "foremost" in North. There is no other example in Shakespeare of *former* used of *place* instead of *time*. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, has "her face and former parts" (vi. 6. 10).

83. **consorted,** accompanied. We should say 'consort with'.

88. **fatal:** not 'causing death', but 'portentous'; so frequently.

96. **incertain,** uncertain. The form occurs several times.

101-108. "I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself...but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind." (*North's Plutarch.*) The sentiment as expressed in the quotation is easy enough to follow; but here (1) Brutus appears, by some means not easy to perceive, to have reconciled his idea of the unjustifiability of Cato's suicide with the justification of his own; (2) or else, while North, though he mistranslates Plutarch, gives the words as expressing a change of mind, produced by the circumstances (the translation should begin '*I constructed a philosophical oration*', which makes the position more naturally the outcome of a more general experience), Shakespeare follows him, but goes farther, making Brutus change his mind suddenly only when Cassius suggests his being led in a triumph.

The *construction* of the sentence is clear from the passage quoted: "I know not how, but" is in parenthesis, and "arming" = 'and arm'.

105. **so,** like Cato.

to prevent, &c., to anticipate the period or limit of life.

107. **stay,** await; so very frequently.

Scene 2.

1. **bills,** notes, letters of instruction.

2. **the other side,** the other wing.

Scene 3.

"Brutus had conquered all on his side, and Cassius had lost all on the other side....Cassius was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of battle; and it grieved him, that after he had over-

come them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind....Perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet." (*North's Plutarch.*)

3. **ensign**, used both of the ensign itself and its bearer. The construction of the next line leaves it uncertain which of the two Cassius means here.

20. "So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, untò a little hill:...howbeit Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad." (*North's Plutarch.*)

34. "Cassius then spake these words: 'Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face.'" (*North's Plutarch.*)

37. "Pindarus, one of his bondsmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crœsus was slain." (*North's Plutarch.*)

38. **I swore thee**, made thee swear. Sometimes a transitive verb, sometimes intransitive, as now we talk of a witness 'being sworn'.

saving: not the participle, but gerund; the prior stage was 'a-saving'—itself a corruption of 'in saving'.

41. **this good sword.** The fatalistic character of the play is very marked throughout; that conception being accepted from Plutarch, who expressly says that Cassius was slain with the same sword with which he had stabbed Cæsar.

43. **hilts.** The plural and singular forms are used indiscriminately.

47. Note that in spite of Cassius being always depicted as of a hasty temper, Pindarus obviously regards him with affection—another testimony to the really tender side of his character. The language of his own followers at all times bears out this view of him.

68. **apt**, ready, willing.

88. **regarded**, honoured. We often use the word in this way as equivalent to 'regard favourably', but it is quite as often colourless. In Shakespeare it always has the complimentary sense.

96. **proper**=own; so *own proper*='very own'.

97. **whether**, scanned as a monosyllable.

99. **The.** The definite article is only occasionally used with a vocative. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 271—

> "The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
> Cordelia leaves you".

For the passage cf. *North's Plutarch*, "After Brutus had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being

unpossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thasos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder".

101. moe=more. Cf. ii. 1. 72, note.

109. three o'clock. Titinius above talked of the "setting sun". Plutarch says that at the second battle Brutus "suddenly caused his army to march, being past three o'clock of the afternoon"; which accounts for that hour being named here.

110. The second fight as a matter of fact did not take place for another twenty days.

Scene 4.

3. "There was the son of Marcus Cato slain...manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name and also his father's name."

13. "Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends, called Lucilius, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus...told them that he was Brutus." (*North's Plutarch.*) The rest of the incident is described precisely as by Shakespeare.

17. the news. Ff. *thee news*. The correction is Pope's.

30. whether, scanned as a monosyllable.

32. Plutarch adds: "Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully even unto his death".

Scene 5.

2. "There was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies...and from thence, if all were well, that he would lift up a torch-light."

3. came not, has not come; past tense used for perfect. Cf. *Genesis*, xliv. 28, "And I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since".

6. The whole account of Brutus asking one after another of his friends to kill him is taken straight from Plutarch. He "told Clitus somewhat in his ear"; then he "proved Dardanus" (*sic*); and "at length he came to Volumnius himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him". The farewell speech, and the falling upon his sword while Strato held it with averted face, are also from Plutarch.

14. **That**, for 'so that'.

15. **list a word.** *List, listen, hearken* are used, like 'hear', as transitive verbs. Cf. iv. 1. 41, "Listen great things".

19. The second appearance of the 'spirit' is only mentioned incidentally in Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*—not in the full account of the death of Brutus.

28. **hilts.** See v. 3. 43, note.

35. **found:** we expect 'have found'; cf. v. 5. 3, note.

46. **smatch**, smack, touch.

60. **entertain**, take into my service; so often. Cf. *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 10, "I will entertain Bardolph".

62. **prefer**, recommend. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 155—

> "Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
> And hath preferr'd thee".

71, 72. The construction is loose, but the meaning is clear, 'From the general honesty of his motives, and for the common good'.

73. For the bearing of this line on the date of the play see Introduction.

79. **honourably.** See Appendix A, § 7 (vi).

80. **call the field to rest**, sound the signal for cessation of hostilities. *Field* is probably used in a sense analogous to the modern use as a hunting term.

APPENDIX A.

OUTLINE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PROSODY.

§ 1. Metre as an indication of Date

English blank verse did not come into use till the sixteenth century: and at the commencement of its career, the rules which regulated its employment were strict. It was only when the instrument was becoming familiar that experiments could be ventured upon, and variations and modifications freely introduced. The changes in the structure of blank verse between the time when Shakespeare commenced writing and the time of his retirement are great; and the variations in this respect are among the most important indications of the date of any given play. That is to say, broadly speaking, the less strictly regular the metre, the later the play.

In the same way, a gradually increasing disregard of other kindred conventions marks the later plays as compared with the earlier. A good deal of rhyme survives in the dialogue in the earlier plays; later it is only to be found occasionally at the close of a scene or a speech to round it off—probably a concession to stage tradition analogous to the similar use of 'gnomae' in Greek plays, and of a 'sentiment' in modern melodrama. The first use of prose is only for purposes of comedy; later, it is used with comparative freedom (as in *Hamlet*) in passages of a very different type, though the introduction of verse in a prose scene always marks a rise to a higher emotional plane.

In the present play, which belongs to the middle period, all these characteristics are in the stage of development which betokens the middle period. Irregularities are not rare, but they have not become almost the rule as in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Rhymes are rare: but four scenes close with them. Prose is used, for instance, in Brutus' address to the populace; but for the most part serious dialogue or soliloquy is in verse.

§ 2. Form of Blank Verse.

Our study of versification is commonly restricted to that of Latin and Greek. When we examine English verse-structure, a distinction at once appears. In the classical verse the governing element is quantity; in English it is *stress*. And inasmuch as stress is much less definite than quantity, the rules of English verse cannot be given with the same precision as those of Latin and Greek. But we may begin with certain explanations as to what stress is *not*. A 'stressed' syllable is not the same as a long syllable; nor is stress the same as

sense-emphasis. Any strong or prolonged dwelling of the voice on a syllable, for whatever reason, is stress. So, while a syllable must be either long or short, there are many shades of gradation between the unstressed and the strongly stressed. And as in Greek tragic verse a long syllable may, in certain positions, take the place of a short one, so a moderately stressed syllable may often in English take the place of an unstressed one.

To start with, then,—to get at the basis of our metre—we will take no account of weak stress, but treat of all syllables as if they must either have no stress or a strong stress; and throughout, the word stress, when used without a qualifying adjective, will mean strong stress. The acute accent (′) will be used to mark a stress, the grave (̀) to mark a weak stress, the ˘ to mark a syllable sounded but not stressed.

The primary form of the Shakespearian line is—five feet, each of two syllables; each foot carrying one stress, on the second syllable; with a sense pause at the end of the line.

You blocks′, | you stones′, | you worse′ | than sense′ | less things′. (i. 1. 40).

§ 3. Normal Variations.

But if there were no variations on this, the effect would be monotonous and mechanical after a very few lines.

(i) The first variation therefore is brought about by the stress in one or two of the feet being thrown on the first instead of the second syllable, which is known as an 'inverted' stress.

Have′ you | not made′ | an u′ | niver′ | sal shout′ (i. 1. 49).

Mere′ly | upon′ | myself′. | Vex′ed | I am′ (i. 2. 39).

Think̀ of | this life′, | but′ for | my sing̀ | le self′ (i. 2. 94).

That he′ | is grown′ | so great′. | Age′, thou | art shamed′ (i. 2. 150).

Observe that the stress is thus thrown back much more commonly in the first foot of the line than elsewhere: and that in the other cases the stressed syllable usually follows a pause.

(ii) Secondly, variety is introduced by the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable which is not extra-metrical, analogous to the use of an anapaest instead of an iambus.

Lĕt mĕ see′, | lĕt mĕ see′; | is not | the leaf | turn′d down (iv. 3. 273).

As a general rule, however, such extra syllables are very slightly pronounced; not altogether omitted but slurred, as very often happens when two vowels come next each other, or are separated only by a liquid (see § 6).

(iii) The converse of this is the (very rare) omission of an unstressed syllable. This is only found where the stress is very strong, and the omission is really made up for by a pause.

Speak′, | strike′, | redress′. | Am′ I | entreat′ed (ii. 1. 55).

(iv) Extra-metrical unstressed syllables are added before a pause, sometimes in the middle of a line.

More than | his rea | s(on). But 't is | a com | mon proof (ii. 1. 21).

But this was still rare when *Julius Cæsar* was written.

More frequently an extra-metrical syllable comes at the end of a line, and this is fairly common in this play. It is only in quite early plays that it is at all unusual, only in the later ones that it is actually habitual.

Then, Bru | tus, I | have much | mistook | your pass(ion);
By means | whereof | this breast | of mine | hath bur(ied)
Thoughts of | deep va | lue, wor | thy co | gitat(ions) (i. 1. 48).

By an extension of this practice we sometimes have two such extra-metrical syllables, but as yet only when they are slurred.

Such an | exploit | have I | in hand, | Liga(rius) (ii. 1. 318).

The increasing frequency of extra-metrical syllables is a useful approximate guide to the date of a play. But they are never so frequent in Shakespeare as in some of the younger dramatists.

(v) The variation which perhaps most of all characterizes the later plays is the disappearance of the sense-pause at the end of the line. At first, a clause running over from one line to the next is very rare: in the last plays, it is extremely common. (The presence of a sense-pause is not necessarily marked by a stop; it is sufficient for the purpose that the last word should be dwelt on; the pause may be merely rhetorical, not grammatical.) Throughout Antony's speeches in ii. 2 there are only eight lines which have no such pause. The proportion in some other scenes, however, is larger.

§ 4. Weak Stresses.

The basis of scansion being thus settled, we may observe how the rules are modified by weak or intermediate stresses, which are in fact the chief protection against monotony.

(i) Lines in which there are not five strong stresses are very plentiful; *e.g.*

Thou` art` | the ru' | ins` of | the no' | blest man'.

In the fifth foot particularly, the stress is very often extremely slight.

(ii) On the other hand, lines in which there are two stressed syllables in one foot are common.

Friends', Ro' | mans`, coun' | trymen' | lend' me | your ears'.
O' judge' | ment`, thou` | art fled' | to bru' | tish beasts'.

The ev' | il` that | men` do' | lives` af' | ter them`

belongs to both (i) and (ii).

A foot with a double stress is nearly always preceded by a pause, or by a foot with a very weak stress only.

(iii) It will be observed that there are never fewer than three strong stresses, and that any foot in which there is no strong stress must at any rate have one syllable with a weak stress, and that very often such a foot has two weak stresses; preventing the feeling that the line is altogether too light. Thus a syllable which is quite unemphatic acquires a certain stress merely by length, as in some of the above cases. And, speaking broadly, a very strong stress in one foot compensates for a weak stress in the neighbouring foot.

§ 5. Irregularities.

(i) Occasionally lines occur with an extra foot; *i.e.* an additional stress after the normal ten syllables.

Took it | too ea | gerly: | his sol | diers fell | to spoil' (v. 3. 7).
Will come | when it | will come. | What say | the au | gurers'? (ii. 3. 37).

But this does not often occur in the course of a speech, and when it does there is usually a break in the middle of the line, as in these instances. It is, however, decidedly common in broken dialogue.

Cass. And bear | the palm | alone | .
Bru. Anoth | er gene | ral shout.

And this is probably often to be explained by the second speaker breaking in on the first, so that in this case 'alone' and 'another' are pronounced simultaneously.

(ii) Even in the course of a speech we have lines left incomplete.

To make them instrument of fear and warning
Unto | some mon | strous state. |
Now could | I, Cas | ca, name | to thee | a man |
Most like | this dread | ful night. | (i. 3. 70).

In this instance the lines might be rearranged thus:

Unto | some mon | strous state. | Now could | I, Casca, |
Name to thee | a man | most like | this dread | ful night | .

But the dramatic pause suggested by the arrangement in the text is more impressive.

(iii) Short lines, however, are commoner in broken dialogue, especially when either hurried or excited; and their purpose is not to give variety to the metre, but to produce a dramatic effect of hurried interruption or anxious pause. Thus in iii. 2, it is often difficult to feel sure whether the cries of the citizens should be arranged as if they formed verse, or not; and in iv. 3, when the retorts become short and sharp, many of them are outside the metre altogether, though there is no continuous prose in the scene. Sometimes the blank is filled by action on the stage, or by music.

In some of the plays, such short lines are sometimes almost certainly due to the mutilation of the text, passages having been cut out for stage purposes.

(iv) Interjections and proper names (especially vocatives) are frequently extra-metrical.

Let us | be sac | rifi | cers but | not butchers, *Caius* (ii. 1. 166).

So "O" might perhaps be printed by itself in the line,

O ye gods! | ye gods! | must I | endure | all this? (iv. 3. 41).

(v) Similarly after a pause an extra-metrical interjection may come in the middle of a line.

Struck Cæ | sar on | the neck. | *O'* you flatt' | erers (v. 1. 44).

In nearly every instance observe that the unusual stress comes either after a pause, whether at the beginning of a line or in the middle; or at the end of a line in which there is a break.

§ 6. Apparent Irregularities.

(i) Difficulties occasionally arise from the fact that words in Shakespeare's day were sometimes accented in a different way from that of the present day, and sometimes even bear a different accent in different places in Shakespeare's own writing. Thus, we say 'por'tent', Shakespeare always 'portent''. On the other hand, we say 'complete'', Shakespeare has sometimes 'complete'' sometimes 'com'plete'. In effect we must often be guided by the verse in deciding on which syllable of a word the accent should fall, because custom had not yet finally decided in favour of a particular syllable. Speaking broadly, the tendency of the modern pronunciation is to throw the accent far back.

(ii) Similarly, when two vowels come together (as in words ending with *-ion*, *-ius*, *-ious*, and the like) we are in the habit of slurring the first, and sometimes of blending it with the preceding consonant; so that we pronounce 'ambit-i-on' 'ambishon'. In Shakespeare the vowel in such cases is sometimes slurred and sometimes not, in the same word in different places; usually the former in the middle of a line, often the latter at the end. In such cases we must be guided simply by ear in deciding whether the vowel is slurred or sounded distinctly. And we have to decide in exactly the same way when we are to sound or not sound the terminal *-ed* of the past participle.

Thus we have in consecutive lines—

Ambi | t͡ion should' | be made | of stern | er stuff.
Yet Bru | tus says | he was | ambi | ti͡ous'.

And within a few lines—

Thy brother by decree is banishéd (iii. 1. 44).
For the repealing of my banish'd brother (iii. 1. 51).

(iii) So again in particular words, a vowel seems to be sometimes mute, sometimes sounded. *E.g.* in the great majority of instances in other plays as well as this '*ceremony*' should probably be pronounced with the second *e* mute as in 'cere-cloth'; but in

Set on; | and leave | no cer | ĕmon | y out (i. 2. 11).

it must evidently be sounded. So with 'dangerous', 'general', &c., the *e* may or may not be mute.

(iv) In a large number of words where a liquid (*l*, *m*, *n*, and especially *r*) comes next to another consonant an indefinite vowel sound is sometimes introduced between the two letters (just as now in many places one may hear the word 'helm' pronounced 'hellum'), which may be treated as forming a syllable, and sometimes the vowel is actually inserted, as in *thorough* = 'through'—

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state (iii. 1. 136).

(v) Conversely, a light vowel sound coming next a liquid is often slurred and in effect dropped; so that such words as *spirit*, *peril*, *quarrel*, are often practically monosyllables. (Hence such a form as '*parlous*' = '*perilous*').

(vi) As the sound of *f*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *s*, *ng* can be held out, we occasionally find them before a pause, and especially at the end of a verse, treated as equivalent to an extra syllable.

Good night, | my lord | —Good night, | good bro | ther (iv. 3. 237).

The heart | of wo | man is! | O Bru | tus (ii. 4. 40).

Look how | he makes | to Cæ | sar: mark | him (iii. 1. 18).

Possibly this is the explanation of the following lines:

But what | of Cic | ero? shall | we sound | him? (ii. 1. 141).

When Cæ | sar's head | is off. | —Yet' | I fear' him. (ii. 1. 183).

Cæsar | has had | great wrong. | —Has' | he mas'ters? (ii. 2. 115).

But see § 7, where these lines are farther discussed.

(vii) *th* and *v* between two vowels are often almost or entirely dropped and the two syllables run into one: as in the words 'whether', 'whither', 'other', 'either', 'ever', 'never', 'even', 'over'. 'Heaven' generally, 'evil', 'devil' sometimes, are treated as monosyllables.

Vowels separated by a *w* or an *h* are habitually slurred and pronounced practically as one syllable.

(viii) 'Fire' and similar words which in common pronunciation are dissyllables ('fi-er,' &c.) are commonly but not always scanned as monosyllables.

As fi | rĕ drives | out fire, | so pi | ty pity. (iii. 1. 172).

So 'dear', 'where', 'fare', &c., are occasionally dissyllables: *e.g.*

Lucius! | My gown. | Farĕ | well good | Messala (iv. 3. 231).

But

For e | ver and | for e | ver, fare | well Cassius (v. i. 117).

(ix) Other ordinary contractions, such as 'we 'll' for 'we will', *th'* for *the* before a vowel, &c., though not shown in the spelling, are frequent.

§ 7. Lines of doubtful scansion.

(i) But what | of Cic | ero? | shall we | sound him'? (ii. 1. 141).

I take 'him' to be emphatic, so read as above. But perhaps it should be read as in § 6 (vi).

(ii) Our pur' | pose ne' | cessar' | y, and | not' en'vious (ii. 1. 178).

There is a double stress on the last foot, following the very weak stress, produced by the pause after 'necessary', in the fourth foot: *i.e.* the stress on the fourth foot is thrown forward to the first syllable of the fifth.

(iii) When Cæ' | sar's head' | is off'. | —Yet', I | fear him' (ii. 1. 183).

'Him' is emphatic. Considering also that an inverted stress in the last foot is rare, I think that 'him', not 'fear', should be stressed. This seems preferable to the suggestion in § 6 (vi).

(iv) And these | does she | apply | for war | nings and | portents (ii. 2. 80).

Portents is always accented on the second syllable; this is therefore a line of six feet; see § 5 (i). Otherwise we should be tempted to drop the 'and'.

(v) Cæ'sar | has had' | great wrong'. | Has' | he mas'ters? (iii. 2. 115).

Possibly this is an example of § 3 (iii), or 6 (vi), as scanned: the *ng* taking the place of a syllable before 'has'. Or it may run "Has' he | mas'ters"; though this is very doubtful, as the inverted stress in the last foot is rare. I suspect, however, that we ought to read 'Ay, has' | he, mas'ters,' or 'has' he | not, mas'ters?' Either would fit the context better; but the omission of Ay (written I) is so easy a printer's slip that the probabilities in favour of that reading are very strong.

(vi) Young man | thou could'st | not die | more hon | oura'ble (v. 1. 60).

Most like | a sol | dier or | der'd hon | oura'bly (v. 5. 79).

The word 'honourable' is very frequent in this play, and seems always to be accented as above (see Mark Antony's speech throughout). I do not, therefore, think those readers who would drop the sound of the *-ou-* in these instances correct.

N.B.—The lines in (ii), (iii), and (v) are all sometimes read as if the stress were on the first syllable of the last foot; but in each case there seems insufficient warrant. I have observed no unmistakable examples of this inversion.

APPENDIX B.

HISTORICAL OUTLINES.

Shakespeare in the history he has given us follows the authority he adopted very closely. In dealing with English history he treated Holinshed very much as in dealing with Roman history he treated Plutarch. He took the main lines of his characters, and their chief acts, from the accepted authority without travelling farther afield to test his guide's accuracy. Moreover, as he was principally concerned in keeping the interest of a theatrical audience from flagging, rather than in producing a historical treatise, he chose to set forth those scenes and acts which were interesting, and to leave out those which were complicated or tedious. In short he wrote as a dramatist, not as a politician or a professor, and consequently historical accuracy as such was of no importance to him. The surprising thing is that he kept so close to his authority—merely melting the prose into poetry in his wonderful crucible—that there is no substantial addition or omission to be found. If his history is not the history of the class-room, neither is it the fictitious background for a love story.

If we turn to the other authorities for this period, our conception of the facts and their bearings must be somewhat modified. The play gives us a much smaller idea of Julius Cæsar than the facts warrant; the relative importance of the various conspirators is in some degree misrepresented, and the issues at stake will hardly appear in the same light.

For the last hundred years the Roman world had been periodically rent with civil strife. The old idea of a paternal oligarchy, if it ever really existed, had fallen to pieces; government was alternately in the hands of a senatorial or a democratic faction, with leaders whose aims were often noble and followers whose aims were nearly always selfish. Matters had been complicated by the extension of military organization, and of the field whence soldiers were drawn; and whether the oligarchical or the democratic faction was to get the upper hand, it had been for some time tolerably clear that no party could hold dominion unless headed by a competent general with the support of the military. Cæsar perceived that, in fact, the one hope of reorganizing the state and re-establishing strong and steady government lay in frankly accepting a military despotism—a position which the oligarchical faction could never adopt.

Cæsar's rivalry with Pompey ended in the establishment of the despotism; and with a swiftness of intuition and rapidity of action

which can hardly be paralleled he set about the immense task of reorganization. But the oligarchical party, deprived of all power, were resolved to make one more cast to recover it. Cæsar had treated the defeated Pompeians with astonishing magnanimity, but magnanimity was a virtue they hardly understood. Blind to the literal impossibility of re-establishing a republican form of government, angered by their own want of importance in the new order, less grateful for being spared when they were beaten than furious at having been beaten at all, they hated Cæsar and Cæsarism, while they had neither an alternative leader nor an alternative policy. Some were men of ability, none of commanding powers. In the moment of Cæsar's triumph they conspired together and struck him down with their own hands. The result was a brief period of anarchy until the new man emerged—the young Octavius with Agrippa at his ear—who built that Rome the foundations whereof Julius Cæsar had laid.

Not that the conspirators were all Pompeians, or men who even had reasonable ground for considering that their own political ambitions had been overthrown by Cæsar's policy. Several of them were already holding high appointments under Cæsar, and were in the way of promotion. But some were probably angry because, enjoying Cæsar's personal favour, they had not obtained all the fruits of his power for themselves; others, because they had no voice in the general policy though their administrative offices might be high. And possibly some had that real enthusiasm for 'liberty' with which Brutus is credited—a liberty which certainly did not exist under the despotism, but had as certainly become wholly incompatible with any established government. Cicero and many other members of the party who had no share in the conspiracy, but gave full support afterwards to the conspirators, were honestly enthusiastic republicans; but men with the instinct of statesmen could hardly have been so at the time, and of the conspirators Brutus alone has been selected by tradition as acting primarily on the ground of patriotic conviction however mistaken.

But if we took Shakespeare's account, with Plutarch's biographies of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antonius, we should get the impression that Brutus was Cæsar's most intimate friend and confidant; that the prospects of the conspiracy turned on his participation in it; that the whole body of the conspirators looked upon him as their leader, and bowed to his judgment; in short, that he was the man of highest mark in the state after Cæsar himself. Certainly we get no such impression from the letters or speeches of Cicero. In fact, a good deal of confusion seems to have arisen in popular tradition between Decimus Brutus (Shakespeare's Decius) and Marcus. The former was extremely intimate with the dictator; the latter was not. For a long time after the assassination Decimus seems to have really taken the leading part; he appears also to have had considerably higher military capacities than any of his fellow-conspirators. But the imaginary glories of the republican system held a prominent

place in the minds of theorists and men of letters in the early years of the empire; Marcus Brutus was known to have been an earnest Stoic, a man of books, with whom the men of books sympathized; it seems as though a kind of legendary Brutus was evolved by academic thinkers and writers with all the academic merits of Marcus and the practical prestige of Decimus.

And when Cæsar had fallen the work did not go on with that prompt division into Cæsarians against republicans which Shakespeare gives. There was a long period when no man could guess the upshot. Antony meant to have Cæsar's place; the oligarchical party had the upper hand in the senate, but were constantly afraid to move; the conspirators had no fixed policy or plan of action; Octavius was an entirely unknown quantity, waiting to act with either party as might seem best. Brutus and Cassius went to their provinces in the East. Decimus Brutus in Gaul and Antony in Italy were neither of them strong enough to act quite decisively. Octavius began by favouring the senatorial party, but had no intention of being controlled by them; they lacked the courage to act vigorously themselves, but did not dare to trust him. Divided counsels made the action of the senatorial troops abortive; Octavius saw that there was nothing to look forward to on that side—the senate would neither use him nor allow him to use them. By combining with Antony the field would be cleared; the oligarchical party would be beaten in Italy, and then in the East, and it would be time enough then to settle future relations with Antony.

The two chiefs met near Bologna; they took Lepidus (whose position in the triumvirate is sufficiently set forth in the play) into partnership, took the law into their own hands, proscribed and put to death any prominent persons whom they regarded as either dangerous or personally obnoxious, and proceeded to carry out the programme as described. In all essentials the course of events as narrated in the play is substantially accurate. The above details are here added lest erroneous impressions should be formed. It will be observed that in the play there is nothing really inconsistent with the facts so far as they are ascertainable, but that considerations of more historical than dramatic value are in it allowed to fall into the background.

GLOSSARY.

abide (iii. 1. 94, 2. 119), 'pay', for 'aby'. Not the same word as 'abide'=bide, await. The form is merely the result of the two ideas being confused.

abjects (iv. 1. 37), offscourings, thrown away things. The word occurs accented 'abjécts' in *Richard III.* i. 1. 106; not elsewhere as a substantive.

address'd (iii. 1. 29), ready.

affections (ii. 1. 20), natural inclinations.

aim (i. 2. 163), guess, conjecture. O.F. *esmer*, Lat. *adaestimare*.

alarum (stage-direction, *passim*), call to arms; another form of 'alarm' (cf. through, thorough: flip, fillip, &c.): from It. *all'arme*.

and, an (i. 2. 268)=if. The same word is used for the conditional conjunction (*enda*) in Scandinavian, and this use of 'an' or 'and' is regarded by Professor Skeat as Scandinavian in consequence. Dr. Abbott regards it as merely the copula; the 'conditional' being contained in the subjunctive. Then as usage demanded the employment of a particle, it was erroneously supposed that in such cases the copula really was a conditional particle; so that 'an'='if' came to be distinguished from 'and' the copula. In some cases the explanation may be that there is an ellipsis, *e.g.* "I will roar you an 't were any nightingale" =an if it were a nightingale (I should roar better). *Sh. Gr.* 102, 103.

annoy (i. 3. 22; ii. i. 160), molest, hurt. O.F. *anoi* (=ennui), Lat. *in ŏdio*, so 'to be unpleasant', hence 'injure'.

anon (*passim*), 'at once', softened to 'before long'. Cf. presently. A.S. *on dn*, in one moment.

answer: (1) reply, lit. counter-affirmation; (2) account, i. 3. 114, "My answer must be made"; (3) atonement, iii. 2. 85, "and grievously hath Cæsar answered it"; (4) with a play on the word 'charge', v. 1. 25, "We will answer on their charge"=repel their attack.

apparent: (1) seeming; (2) visible, which have appeared, ii. 1. 198; (3) 'evident', possibly but not probably the sense in this passage. See note.

apprehensive (iii. 1. 67), 'imaginative', and so 'capricious'.

apt: (1) (ii. 2. 97) likely; (2) suitable; (3) (iii. 1. 160) ready; (4) (v. 3. 68) quick, easily moved. Lat. *aptus*, fitted.

arrive (i. 2. 110), reach. Low Latin *adripare* (*ripa*, bank), come ashore. Used without a preposition by Shakespeare.

augurer (ii. 1. 200, 2. 37), professional interpreter of omens.

battle (v. 1. 4), 'division of an army', as we use the kindred word 'battalion'. Also of the 'main body' of an army.

bay (iii. 1. 204), bring to bay; (iv. 1. 49, 3. 27) bark at. A deer brought to bay is a deer with the hounds baying round him. For 'abay', Fr. *abbayer*, Lat. *adbaubari*.

bear ... hard (i. 2. 317; ii. 1. 215; iii. 1. 157), bear ill-will to. Not elsewhere in Shakespeare. Origin of the phrase uncertain. It is

commonly explained as being like 'bear a hand over', a metaphor from keeping a tight rein in riding; so 'hold severely in check', but this would only be fitting to the first example. I should rather suppose it to be 'endure hardly', 'suffer with difficulty'. But the general sense, 'bear a grudge to', is clear.

bend (i. 2. 123), look, *i.e.* the 'bend' or 'direction' of the eye; from the use of the verb 'bend'= 'direct'. Cf. bent=natural direction or inclination of the mind.

bill (v. 2. 1), letter. Cf. Fr. *billet*. L. L. *billa* = Lat. *bulla* (whence 'Papal bull'), a seal, and hence 'sealed writing'.

bootless (iii. 1. 75), vainly, without 'boot', profit, O.E. *bót*, 'profit'. So 'to boot'=into the bargain.

brave, bravery (v. i. 10): (1) magnificence; (2) courage. See note. Der. uncertain.

break with (ii. 1. 150), not 'quarrel', but 'make disclosure to'. So always in Shakespeare with one exception (*Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 48).

bring (i. 3. 1), escort. In modern use always 'bring *here*'; in Shakespeare about as frequently 'bring *there*'.

brook (i. 2. 159), endure, from original sense 'use', 'enjoy', O.E. *brúcan*.

but: (1) Preposition, *by-out*= without. Surviving only in occasional proverbs, such as 'Touch not a cat *but* a glove'. So (2) 'except', as in 'all but he', a form which is not apparently more strictly grammatical than 'all but him'. (3) 'Except', conjunctional; "And, but thou love me, let them find me here" (*Rom.* ii. 2. 76). (4) With a negative, 'anything except that', 'other than that', *e.g.* "I found no man but he was true to me", v. 5. 35. (5) The negative being omitted, 'only', as 'nobbut' is used provincially (iii. 3. 38); "Pluck but his name out of his heart", "Life's but a span". (6) Simply adversative in its commonest use.

cautelous (ii. 1. 129), 'deceitful', through 'over-cautious' from the primary sense of 'cautious', Lat. *cautela*, caution. *Cautela* being used by the jurists for 'security', the word might have got from that a sense pretty much equivalent to 'pettifogging'.

censure (iii. 2. 16), 'judge', without the specific modern sense of 'blame'.

ceremony, Lat. *caeremonia*, religious rite. So (1) (ii. 2. 13) 'superstition', 'superstitious observances'; (2) 'ceremonial' religious or otherwise (i. 2. 11; iii. 1. 241); (3) 'decorations', the concrete accompaniment of ceremonial (i. 1. 70).

chapped (i. 2. 246), rough, chopped. 'Chop' and 'chap' are the same word, *o* and *a* being often interchangeable, so that 'lond', 'hond', 'strond', are found for the commoner forms. So *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 50, "her pretty chopt hands".

charactery (ii. 1. 308), written characters, writing.

cheer (iii. 1. 89), countenance, mien. O. F. *chere*, L. L. *cara*, face.

chew (i. 2. 171), 'ponder', exactly as we use 'ruminate'.

climate (i. 3. 32), 'region', as we use 'clime'; not referring to the 'weather'. The word primarily meant *slope*; hence a particular region regarded in respect of its slope from equator to pole; hence, in respect of its temperature; hence the temperature or weather itself.

cognizance (ii. 2. 89), memorial; not something 'to be recognized by', but something 'to remind of'.

colour (ii. 1. 29), apparent justification; so frequent in Shake-

speare, as we use the analogous phrase 'a colourable pretext'.

companion (iv. 3. 138), a term of reproach, as we use 'fellow'.

complexion: (1) that of which the body is composed; so (2) the 'humours' (*q.v.*); (3) the colouring of the face, as showing the condition the 'humours' were in; (4) (i. 3. 128) applied metaphorically to the elements outside.

con (iv. 3. 98), study; connected with 'can', 'ken'.

conceit (i. 3. 162; iii. 1. 192), a verb='conceive', 'picture'; perhaps in the former case with a sense of the use of 'conceit' for 'fanciful expression'. Elsewhere in Shakespeare only in *Othello*, iii. 3. 149.

condition (ii. 1. 236, 254), bodily or mental health.

contriver (ii. 1. 158), schemer; for 'controver', Fr. *trouver*, find.

courtesy, courteous act, and so the movement regarded as a sign of courtesy, 'bow', (iii. 1. 43) modern 'curtsey'.

cynic (iv. 3. 133), one who professed the philosophy of the Cynic school.

danger (ii. 1. 17), harm. O.F. *dongier*, Lat. *dominium*, absolute power; so 'power to harm'; so 'harm' or 'risk of harm'.

dear, precious; so used simply as an intensive (iii. 2. 119, &c.).

degree (ii. 1. 26), step of a ladder.

deliver (iii. 1. 181), relate, explain. Lat. *liber*, free.

dint (iii. 2. 198), blow, pressure. The same word as 'dent,' and local 'dunt'.

directly. *Direct* = 'straight'; so (i. 1. 12; iii. 3. 10) 'without circumlocution', and (iv. 1. 32) literally 'straight on'.

drachma (iii. 2. 247), a Greek coin. See note *sub loc.*

earn. See *yearn.*

element (i. 3. 128), air, sky. Everything was supposed to be composed of various proportions of the four elements, viz. earth, air, water, fire; and the term is more particularly employed for 'air'. At v. 5. 73, *elements*=humours, *q.v.*

entertain (v. 5. 60), take into service.

envy (ii. 1. 164), hatred.

exigent (v. 1. 19), exigency.

exorcist (ii. 1. 323), conjurer, one who controls spirits. The more correct sense is 'one who expels spirits'.

factious (i. 3. 118), energetic, in conjunction with others. The modern use implies wanton and mischievous energy, as also in our use of the word **faction,** which, at ii. 1. 77, is used without any such sinister sense.

falling sickness (i. 2. 256), epilepsy. The name is used in North.

fatal (v. 1. 88), not 'causing doom' but 'ominous of doom'.

favour (i. 2. 91), personal appearance. So we speak of 'well-favoured', 'ill-favoured', and sometimes of 'favouring' a person when we mean 'bearing a likeness to'.

fearful, fearfulness (i. 1. 80), condition of fear; (v. 1. 10) either 'feeling fear' or 'causing fear'; probably the former, but see note *sub loc.*

fleering (i. 3. 117), mocking. The word is of Scandinavian origin.

fond (iii. 1. 39), foolish; cf. "a foolish fond old man" (*Lear*). This is the common use in Shakespeare, and 'fond' is still used locally for 'silly'. The sense of 'doting and unreasonable affection' comes from this, and thence simply of 'affection'.

formal (ii. 1. 227), dignified; or perhaps 'in outward appearance'.

former (v. 1. 80), foremost; here of *place*; we always use it of *time*.

gorge (v. 1. 82), feed, the regular term for the manner of feeding of birds of prey. Fr. *gorge*, throat.

grief (i. 3. 118, &c.), grievance.

havoc (iii. 1. 273), equivalent to 'no quarter'. Der. unknown, but the word is probably O. E. *hafoc*, hawk. Precisely how it came to be used as an exclamation remains uncertain. The suggestion is that it has something to do with letting the hawk loose on the quarry.

heap (i. 3. 23), crowd, cluster. Cf. *Richard III.* ii. 1. 53, "Amongst this princely heap". So in *Henry V.* and *Troilus*.

hoot (i. 2. 245), shout, without any sense of disapproval as now. The word represents the sound made, like 'shout', 'boo hoo', 'hue and cry'.

humour (*passim*). The four 'humours' of which the 'complexion' (*q.v.*) was made up were 'blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy', and were referred respectively to the four 'elements', air, water, fire, earth. While the humours were mixed in proper proportion mind and body were in health; any disorder of the humours resulted in some form of ill-health. A 'humorous' person was one in whom the humours were not duly mixed (cf. "elements", v. 5. 73).

hurtle (ii. 2. 22), properly 'dash', frequentative form of 'hurt'; 'hurl' is another form of the same. The idea of the sound (like 'rattle') conveyed by the word seems often to predominate, cf. 'hurly-burly'.

ides of March; the 15th of the month. The Romans fixed their dates by the number of days before the Kalends (1st), Nones (5th or 7th), or Ides (13th or 15th) of each month. In eight months the nones and ides fell on the 5th and 13th; in the other four—March, May, July, October—on the 7th and 15th.

indirection (iv. 3. 75), indirect or crooked action, *i.e.* dishonesty.

insuppressive (ii. 1. 134), insuppressible; the active form used for the passive; like "unexpressive" (*As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10).

jade (iv. 2. 26), an ill-conditioned horse (used either for a vicious, weak, or tired animal, whence the modern use of 'jaded'). Der. unknown.

jealous (i. 2. 71, 161), distrustful. 'Jealous' and 'zealous' are primarily the same word. From the special application to a lover came the ordinary sense of the word implying distrust under particular circumstances; hence 'distrust' generally.

kerchief (ii. 1. 315), headcovering in sickness, as opposed to a helmet or other normal headgear for a man. So, 'napkin' or 'shawl'. Fr. *couvre-chef*, like 'curfew' from *couvre-feu*.

kind (i. 3. 64), nature, specific qualities. Hence 'kindly' = 'natural' in the Prayer Book phrase "the kindly fruits of the earth". 'Kin' is from the same root.

knave (iv. 3. 241), boy, servant; whence the derivative sense 'rogue', a transition to which compare 'varlet' from 'valet'. O.E. *cnafa*, Germ. *knabe*, boy. Probably of Celtic origin, from a time when the Teutonic races had numerous Celtic slaves.

lethe (iii. 1. 206), life-blood—if the reading is correct. But there is no satisfactory explanation. Probably it has something to do either with Lat. *letum*, 'death', or *Lethe*, one of the rivers of the infernal regions.

liable to (i. 2. 199; ii. 2. 104), compatible with. In the second passage, "reason to my love is liable", Decius does not mean that his love 'overcomes reason', for he wishes to show that reason and his affection *agree*. Lat. *ligare*, tie = 'attached to'.

lief (i. 2. 95), readily, willingly. Pronounced very like 'live'. O.E. *leóf*, dear, Germ. *lieb*.

lover (iii. 2. 13, &c.), friend. The restricted modern sense was in frequent use, but had not become exclusive.

Lupercal (i. 1. 72, &c.), a Roman festival held on Feb. 15, being in its origin a pastoral feast of purification; and the due performance of the rites was supposed to have a fertilizing result. See i. 2 generally, and especially line 4 and note.

marry (i. 2. 265), an exclamation, corrupted from 'by Mary', though this origin was too completely forgotten for the anachronism in Casca's mouth to be remarkable.

mart (iv. 3. 11), barter. The verb has fallen out of use. It occurs in *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*.

may: (1) = can; (2) hence with a sense of *permission, lawfulness*. But the sense of ability simply, when 'can' would be a precise equivalent, is common. This earlier sense of the root is seen in the word 'might' = power. (Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 307–313.)

mechanical (i. 1. 3), employed in handicrafts, working with tools.

metal, mettle, the same word, but one way of spelling it came to be applied to the literal material, the other to the metaphorical use for 'spirit'. So 'then' and 'than', 'queen' and 'quean', &c. &c., have been differentiated by usage.

mischief (iii. 1. 93, &c.), harm generally. O. F. *meschief*, bad result, from *chef*, Lat. *caput*.

morrow (ii. 1. 87). The same word as 'morn', the early form being either *morwe* or *morwen*. So in Scotland 'the morn's morn' = 'to-morrow morning'; of which 'good-morrow' = 'good-morning' is the converse.

mutiny (iii. 1. 86), disturbance. Lat. *motus, movere*, move.

neat (i. 1. 29), kine. Cf. 'neat-herd'.

nice: Lat. *nescius*, ignorant; so (2) 'foolish', or of things 'trivial', iv. 3. 8, "Every nice offence"; (3) 'fastidious'; (4) 'dainty' and so 'pleasant'.

niggard (iv. 3. 228): verb, 'treat in a niggardly way'. So only in Shakespeare.

note (iv. 3. 2), publicly reprimand, brand (metaphorically). Lat. *notare*, to mark. The word in this sense is borrowed from North.

occupation (i. 2. 269), trade.

offal (i. 3. 109), off-fall; so 'waste'.

once (iv. 3. 191), some day.

orchard (ii. 1), O.E. *wyrt*, M.E. *wort*, plant; and *yard*, garden.

orts (iv. i. 37), leavings. O.E. *or* = out, and *eat*; so *ort* = *or ete*, what is left after eating. (Skeat.)

palter (ii. 1. 126), shuffle; connected with 'paltry'; perhaps from the notion of a huckster haggling over worthless wares.

passion (i. 2. 48), emotion, or 'feeling' of any kind.

peevish (v. 1. 61), whining; conveying generally any of the disagreeable ideas connected with childishness. Formed from the sound made by a fretful child. Cf. 'peewit'.

physical (ii. 1. 261), good for the health.

pitch (i. 1. 78), a technical term for the height to which the falcon

soars in order to stoop on the quarry.

prefer (v. 5. 62), commend. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 155, where Bassanio plays on 'prefer' in the sense of 'commend', and 'preferment' in the sense of 'advancement'.

presently (iii. 1. 28, &c.), forthwith, without delay. Softened down in modern use (as 'anon' had already been softened) to 'after a little delay'.

prevent (ii. 1. 28), be beforehand, anticipate. Lat. *prae, venire*, come before. So the Collect, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings". The modern sense is derivative.

prodigious (i. 3. 77), portentous, though with a suggestion of the idea of 'hugeness', which has supplanted the stricter use, precisely as has occurred with 'monstrous'. Lat. *prodigium*, omen.

proof (ii. 1. 21), experience, *i.e.* something that experience has proved.

proper (v. 3. 96), own. So 'own proper' frequently = very own. (Fr. *propre*, own). Hence (i. 2. 41) 'appropriate', 'belonging to'; so 'suitable', and hence (i. 1. 28) 'handsome', 'goodly'.

property (iv. 1. 40), tool, *i.e.* something not capable of independent action. Cf. the modern technical use of 'stage properties'.

protester (i. 2. 74), one who protests friendship. The word belonged to the fashionable slang of Shakespeare's day.

quarrel (ii. 1. 28), argument. Lat. *querela*, complaint; hence, 'a plea in court'; hence 'subject of dispute', 'protest', and the 'dispute' itself.

question (iv. 3. 165), discussion. In iii. 2. 41, and elsewhere, there is an additional idea of *controversy*.

quick (i. 2. 29), lively. The primary meaning is merely 'alive', as in the phrase "the quick and the dead", "the earth opened and swallowed them up quick". Hence 'lively'; hence the ordinary modern sense 'rapid'.

range (ii. 1. 118; iii. 1. 270), move up and down; from the movements of troops when setting themselves in rank, 'arranging' themselves. So a 'ranger' is one who sets in order. Connected with 'ring' and 'rank'.

rank (iii. 1. 152), in need of the surgeon's knife; from the sense of 'festering', which arises from a confusion between O.E. *ranc*, strong, and O.F. *rance*, Lat. *rancidus*, 'foul'.

rascal (iv. 3. 80), a term properly applied to a deer out of condition; thence developed into a general term of abuse in the same sort of way as 'jade' has been treated.

regard (iii. 1. 224), consideration, reason.

remorse (ii. 1. 19), pity; properly the 'repeated biting' of conscience, from Lat. *re-mordere*, bite.

repeal (iii. 1. 51), recall; Fr. *rapeler*, Lat. *re-appellare*.

replication (i. 1. 51), echoing, repetition; Lat. *replicare*, fold.

resolved (iii. 1. 131, &c.), satisfied. So very commonly.

respect (i. 1. 10), in comparison with; (i. 2. 59) repute.

rote (iv. 3. 98), lit. a beaten track. The same word as 'route', a way beaten or broken through forest. See *rout*.

rout (i. 2. 78), mob, herd; otherwise the breaking up of an army. The idea of disorder and of mixture, where ranks are not observed, is the predominant one. Lat. *ruptum*, broken.

rumour (ii. 4. 18), noise; so *King John*, v. 4. 45. Lat. *rumor*, report; the word may have origin-

ally expressed the notion of 'confused sound', but it is not so used classically.

scandal (i. 2. 76), as a verb has dropped out. 'Scandal' and 'slander' are both derived from Gr. *σκάνδαλον*, stumbling-block. The forms leading up to 'slander' are instructive: *scandele, escandele, escandle, esclandre.*

schedule (iii. 1. 3), note, piece of paper. Lat. *schedula.*

security (ii. 3. 6), confidence. So *Judges*, viii. 2, "And Gideon... smote the host; for the host was secure," *i.e.* unsuspecting. Lat. *se* (privative), *cura*, care.

sennet (i. 2. 24), a particular set of notes on a trumpet. More is not known, nor is the derivation.

shadow (i. 2. 58), reflection, as in the fable of 'The Dog and his Shadow'.

shrewd (ii. 1. 158; iii. 1. 146), crafty, keen. O.E. *schrewe*, wicked, sharp (cf. "the air bites shrewdly"); hence 'cunning', and so simply 'acute' without any sinister sense. So 'to beshrew' is 'to abuse'.

slanderous (iv. 1. 20), calumnious. See *scandal.*

smatch (v. 5. 46), smack, taste.

speed (i. 2. 88), prosper (trans.). This, and the corresponding sense of the substantive, are very common. 'Rapid movement' and 'success' are primary senses of the word.

stare (iv. 3. 280), stand stiff. *Fixity* is the primary idea of the word; connected with 'stand', Lat. *stare.*

strain (v. 1. 59), race. O.E. *strēonan*, 'beget'.

success (ii. 2. 6; v. 3. 65), fortune, whether good or bad. Like 'fortune' and 'luck' the word gradually acquired the favourable sense in place of the undecided one. Lat. *succedere*, follow.

sway (i. 3. 3), established order.

thews (i. 3. 81), muscles; in Chaucer and Middle English 'manners'. Probably there are two quite distinct words, one connected with the O.E. word for 'manners', the other with 'thigh' and kindred words.

thorough (iii. 1. 136; v. 1. 110), through. The words are the same, the *o* merely representing the indefinite vowel sound before *r*. The two spellings were differentiated to the two uses of the word, as with 'then', 'than', &c.

trash (iv. 3. 74), Scand. 'broken sticks'; so 'rubbish'. 'Crash' appears to be from the same root; 'trash' being 'what is cracked'.

ventures (iv. 3. 224), that which is adventured, more especially on board ship; and so sometimes of the vessels themselves.

vouchsafe (iii. 1. 130), guarantee, avouch secure. So, from persons in absolute authority being the only ones who can give such security, which involves condescension, it comes to mean 'condescend to grant', or (ii. 1. 313) 'condescend to receive', or simply 'condescend'.

wafture (ii. 1. 246), waving. The word does not occur elsewhere.

warn (v. 1. 5), summon. Cf. *King John*, ii. 1. 201, "Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?"

while, time, possessive **whiles**, both used adverbially. Cf. 'needs must'.

whit (ii. 1. 148), thing. O.E. *wiht*; the same word as 'wight'. *Na whit* contracts to 'naught'.

yearn (ii. 2. 129), grieve; M.E. *ermen*, grieve, with prefix *ge-*. Of frequent occurrence. The word must be carefully distinguished from *yearn* = long, O.E. *gyrnan*, connected with Gr. *χαίρειν*, rejoice.

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